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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2360 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 14 1945

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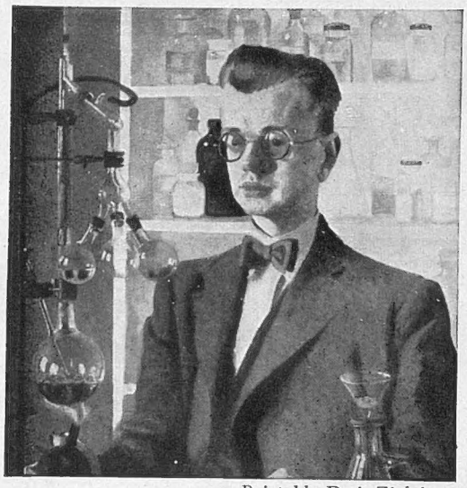

Painted by Doris Zinkeisen

NORMAN HADDOCK is 40. He is a fine example of the man who realises early exactly what he wishes to do and achieves it by determination and hard work. Manchester born, bred and educated, at 15 he entered the dyestuffs branch of the chemical industry as a "lab. boy". Despite long hours of work he studied to such purpose in his leisure that he obtained first his matriculation, and then the B.Sc. (Honours, Chemistry) of London University. This was in 1928. His abilities were such that he was then selected to work for a year at Leeds University under Professor A. G. Perkin, a son of the famous W. H. Perkin, on a special problem of dyestuffs chemistry. He has since become an Associate of the Royal Institute of Chemistry and a Fellow of the Chemical Society. All his work has been research in the field of organic chemistry, chiefly seeking new and improved dyestuffs. Research is many sided and Mr. Haddock has been engaged on what is best described as "speculative" research, that is in exploring chemistry with a view to discovering new reactions and new chemicals and then of assessing their particular value to Industry. The novelty of his work may be judged by the fact that there are today something like 60 patents which bear his name. These are chiefly concerned with dyestuffs useful for the dyeing of wool, silk, cotton, rayon and nylon. Of special significance is the series of so-called Carbolan dyestuffs which are peculiarly resistant to repeated washing and to the effect of seawater. They are accordingly ideally suited for the dyeing of your bathing suit. During the war Mr. Haddock has been one of the pool of experts who constitute the reserve "back room boys" liable to be called on to solve any organic chemical problem that may arise in connection with the war effort. But that, as Kipling says, "is another story".

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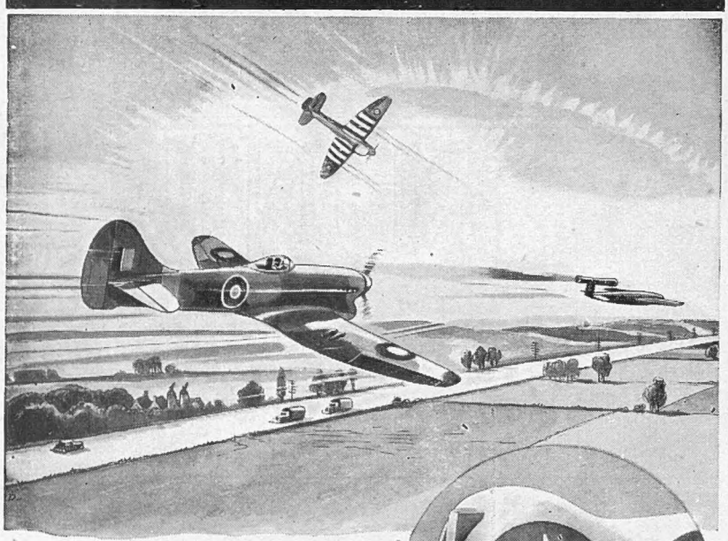

They beat the flying bomb

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Volume CLXXXI No. 2360 The SPHERE, London, April 14, 1945

THE SPHERE
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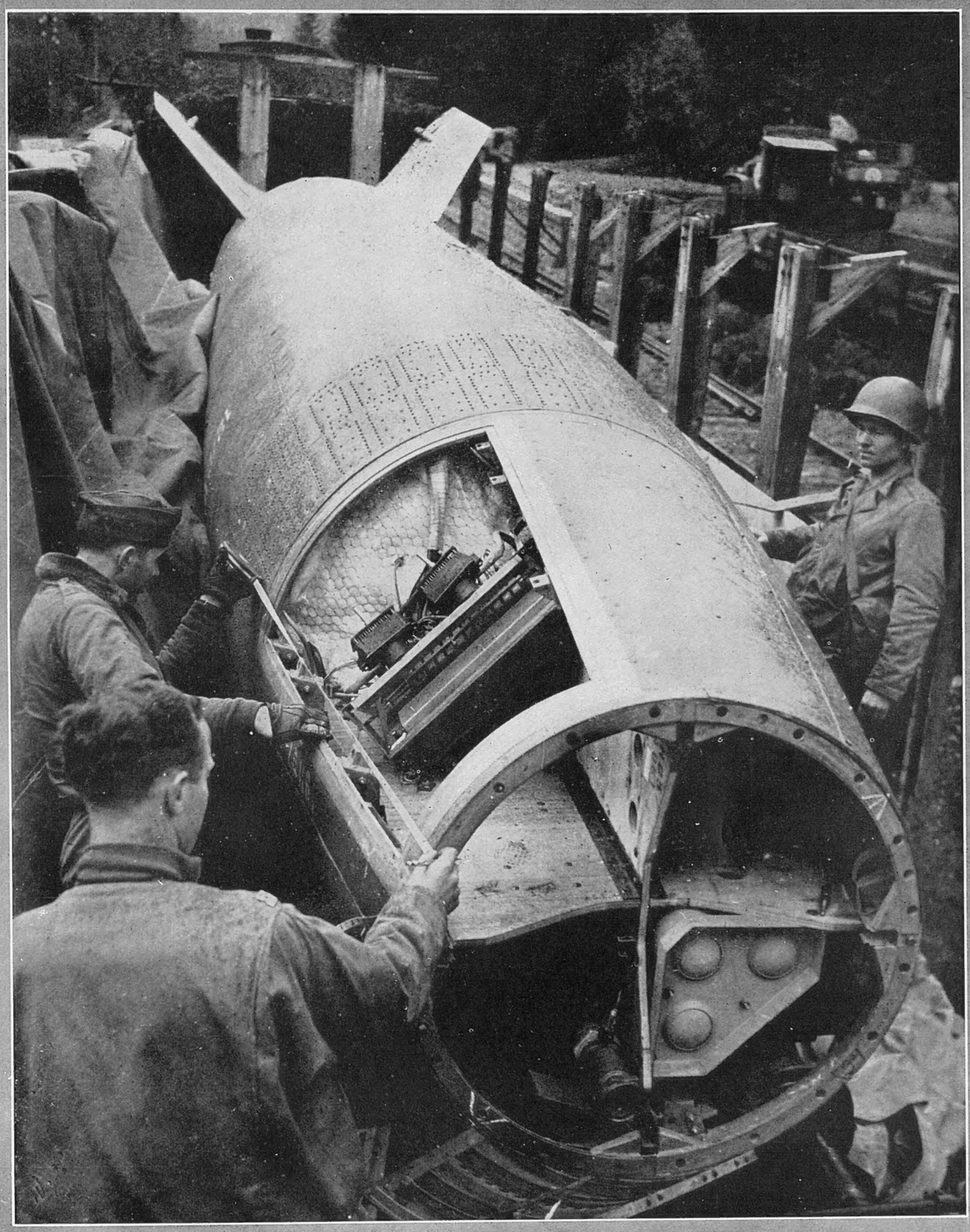


THE CAPTURE OF A TRAIN-LOAD OF V 2 ROCKETS: ONE OF THE NINE HUGE WEAPONS FOUND IN THE RAILWAY STATION AT BROMSKIRCHEN. This was the first time that Allied troops had found any of the jet-propelled rockets in an intact state

WHEN tanks of General Hodges' Third Armoured Division arrived in the German town of Bromskirchen, they found an entire train loaded with the secret V 2 weapons with which the enemy have been bombarding Southern England from sites in Holland. The train was camouflaged : it was loaded with nine-and-a-half of the huge rockets ; and had been stopped as a result of the attack by the tanks. The rockets, with their long, tapering shells of aluminium, were complete—with great tanks of fuel—but they did not have warheads, these being attached just before firing. It is thought that the warheads might have been shipped separately to the sites because of the danger of air attack. The huge missiles are 45 ft. long, with four fins on the tail and two fuel tanks to each rocket : they had been placed in goods wagons with the ends knocked out to provide room for them. The picture above was taken on the train at Bromskirchen : it shows the tail portion of one of the rockets. Three other pictures are given on page 35 of this issue

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 293

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Waterloo Run.—The hunt is up, and some of the field have thrown caution to the winds. But the Master and the Whips know that even a Waterloo Run is liable to checks. I would not wave aside the possibility that the Nazis may yet establish a check-line between the western spearheads and Berlin. Meanwhile, when every day a glittering prize of some great city falls to one or more of the dozen leading Allied Group Commanders, it is difficult to list the main prizes in the great race for the Supreme Stakes. Koniev, Zhukov, Tolbukhin, Montgomery, Bradley, Alexander, Tito—to name a few—are competing for Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover, Bremen, and the last of the oil plants, mines and hidden arms-factories left to Hitler. But, so complete is the ring now drawn round the Reich, so swift has been the advances from the west and from the southern end of the Eastern Front, that it is difficult to gauge the chances of any one named leader first reaching any one named goal. Well, yes. Koniev will not liquidate the Dutch V-sites before Montgomery does that job—if he hasn't already done it (which, please God, he has !) But who would venture to bet on the Russians being first into Berlin, Hamburg or Leipzig, or who would put, within a hundred-mile margin of error, the point of first juncture of Western and Eastern avenging Allies ? Already the last hide-outs or fortresses of the Nazis are threatened and wear new complexions. Some of the earths are stopped. One was behind a barrier thrown to guard the Kiel Canal; one was Northern Holland west of a line drawn through Utrecht north and south; a third was the great fortress round Berchtesgaden within a much larger fortress whose outer walls are already breached or threatened. Which of these is first favourite to-day ? But in hunts and wars let us remember that checks may occur until the mangiest or swiftest fox is rolled over and broken up.

Cheap at the Price.—The war is now costing in terms of money £11,500 a minute. What it is costing in even less tangible counters no one has yet had the temerity to compute. Anyway, we want it off the record. We are doing our level best to hasten the end. The German people might do still more, though groups of them, civilians and soldiers, are co-operating whole-heartedly to the same end. It is natural to constrast the present state of war with the imagined future and the remembered past. The remembered past, judged on our present conscience-stricken standards, was neither pretty nor comfortable nor edifying. Yet, there are to be read in and between the lines of our Sunday Press depressing signs that we still hanker after "the mixture as before" 1939. My Sunday paper on Easter Day 1945 showed the way *its* wind was blowing. A column devoted to the whoopee and drinks being prepared for Mafeking Night. A column (with large inset) of first German bride to be welcomed over here, and a patronising "interview" by same, who stressed her "uncompromising antipathy to the Nazi régime." "All set for a share boom" on the Stock Exchange. "Party bitterness now at its height at Westminster." "Lloyd George's grave stripped by souvenir hunters." "Adventures of a Viscount"—two full columns concerning his blue-blooded courage in the field. The war is costing £11,500 a minute. It is cheap at the price, if these straws in the wind mean anything. A swift return to all our yesterdays in Stockbrokershire; the showmanship, the vulgarity, the snobbery and shoddy, the short memory and the long, downhill trek resumed. Easter Day 1945; the day of the New Charter of Education; All Fools' Day; as seen and sanctified by my Sunday newspaper, founded by a nobleman and preserving the Great Traditions

Guessing the Yalta Plan.—I was not asked to the party at Yalta, nor were you. Nor indeed was our favourite sleuth, prophet and strategy wizard. The security black-out which covered its vital decisions on grand strategy is still in place. Daily events on the Western and South-eastern Fronts have raised that curtain here and there and enabled us by inference to fill in a few probable details. Always these days I puzzle over *Kuestrin*. It is but 40 miles from Berlin. The Red Army was established there strongly, long before the western transformation scene was painted, let alone hung and *set*. No one is going to persuade me that Stalin, if he would, could not weeks ago have burst across the Oder here and reached or encircled Berlin. Is it not fairly reasonable to assume that the three great leaders, in completing the grand finale plan, agreed on some such formula as this ? Russia would *hold* at Kuestrin until Britain and America had smashed the Rhine, liquidated the Rühr and reached the line or arc Bremen-Hanover-Leipzig. While that vast project was under way, Russia would go all out, while holding her hand before Berlin, to make an unpleasantness for the Berchtesgaden last-ditch fortress and its outer ring fortress, and would so block in the corridor and communications between the Reich and the Balkans and Italy that not only would the Italian armies be neutralised and sealed off, but the way would be cleared for an ultimate juncture of the Red Army and the Americans somewhere between Leipzig and Dresden When the western arc—Bremen-Hanover-Leipzig—was secured, and when the Russians had made the unpleasantness as unpleasant as time allowed beyond Vienna and along the Danube line, *then* the friendly race to Berlin, or round it, would begin. Thus the Western Allies would have proved to Stalin their *good intentions*; and the sporting proclivities of the Big Three would be satisfied by running the Berlin Stakes on more equal terms. How 's that ? But "I don't insist on it."

Eisenhower's Forecast of V-Day.—Eisenhower's letter to the President outlining his notion of how the end will come does not laugh out of court our guesses as to the grand scheme of Yalta. It suggests, indeed, that in due course, and by timetable, or according to schedule, the Big Three should be in a position to make a declaration (with full confidence that it could not be upset) that "all is over bar the shouting," and that the flags can begin waving and the bells to ring. In short, that the war against Germany is over and the war to liquidate the Nazi *francs-tireurs* begun. That time—the time for the declaration—is probably very near already. Not even Stalin nor Eisenhower can or would prophesy how long the mopping-up may take. But if our guess as to the Yalta Plan goes on being so satisfactorily justified by events, V-Day-by-declaration-of-the-Allies cannot be far away. For when Russia is in Berlin's eastern suburbs and the Allies of the west are approaching the Elbe, when Holland is sealed off and Germany's North Sea and Kiel ports isolated, when Russians and Americans are joining hands west of Dresden, and the Danube line held north of Vienna, and the Italian armies neutralised; then, long as the final clean-up may be, there can be no good reason why the lights should not go up and those of the Allies who feel like waving flags, should not enjoy the exercise. Many of these prerequisites to the declaration are near accomplishment, some may be regarded as unnecessary by those who know and lead. All opinion, informed and uninformed, seems to agree that the chance of an Authority inside the Reich raising its head high enough to bow it in unconditional surrender is remote.

HOW THE GREAT NEWS OF THE GERMAN COLLAPSE WAS HEADLINED IN THE LONDON PRESS: The front pages of eight leading journals as they appeared on the day after the great break-through into Germany. In all of them the word "collapse" was the most notable

Thanksgiving Service.—"We 've got to be prepared"—it was one of our not very grammatical (or effective) slogans in 1939 Still, we 've still got to be prepared, for good news as well as bad. So it is that (as I suppose) the Bench of Bishops is now engaged in planning the details of the great Service of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's which is to be held on the Sunday following V-Day, whenever that may fall to be announced. No doubt the "Old Hundredth" and "O God our help" will find their customary places. The Bishops will not thank me for doing their work for them. I will not try, but I shall be surprised if the Lesson be not chosen *passim* from the Revelation which told of the great trial, the last judgment and the New Jerusalem. "These are they that have come out of great tribulation. . . ." "He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity. He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." "And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth. For the first Heaven and the first Earth were passed away." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things . . . he that endures to the end shall be saved." "And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God. . . ." Yes, all they require will be found in the Revelation. Yet one thing is wanting to complete. Shortness of memory has been our eternal curse. I suggest that a place still must be found for Kipling's well-worn, but little used, "Recessional":

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The captains and the kings depart,
> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> A humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet
> Lest we forget—*lest we forget.*

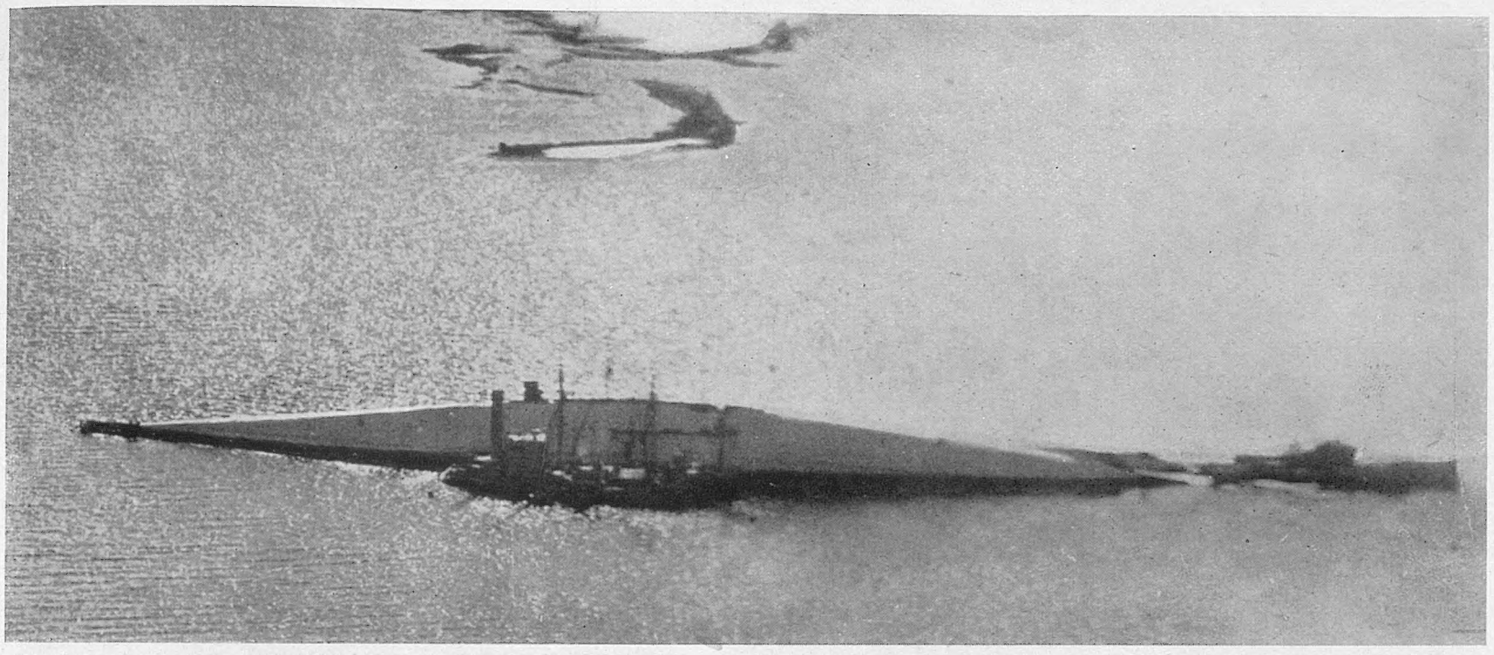
The new Heaven and the new Earth depend, as ever, on human memory of lessons learned, The contrite heart still conditions the inheritance

The Weather Forecast.—One more sign of returning sweets. The Security Dictator has relented in a small way about weather prospects and has consented to "limited" forecasts as they may affect farmers and gardeners. The wizards therefore broadcast a warning of ground frost on the nights of April 2 and 3; and, I am glad to say, proved false prophets in my own area. It is my hope that, as the concession grows broader, their forecasts will be less jejune and scientific and dry-as-dust, and will reveal a spark of humanity and imagination, colour and even humour. We got very sick of "shallow depressions" and "anti-cyclones centred off the Azores" in the bad (or good) old days. I should prefer to hear something on these lines: "To-morrow the weather, in the south at least, should be very fine and hot, though there is a slight risk of a thunderstorm towards evening Nevertheless, to-morrow should promise well for an expedition to the sea." Or, "The weather to-morrow will probably be beastly. Cold rain or drizzle is spreading from the west, and you will be well advised to postpone the garden fete and/or cricket match." Or, "If you plan to spend the week-end at Deauville to-morrow, take our advice and *don't*; unless you are at your best in a typhoon at sea." But I suppose, like all bureaucrats, the weather wizards must be Delphic

Tower Hill Replanned.—The Tower Hill Improvement Trust, to my knowledge, has worked long and valiantly, and with vision, to make "Tower Green" as green in fact and memory as it deserves to be. God send it may not be cut to ribbons to make a city traffic loop. I hope many will study the latest report of the Trust's technical sub-committee and (so far as public opinion can influence local authorities) see to it that these attractive plans are not spoilt by short-sighted commercialism. For this is holy ground, English ground, London's heritage, history and tradition, comprised in an acre or so, between the Mint and All Hallows and the old Tower walls. The screw may twist and the rack may turn, And men may bleed and men may burn. . . . As in 1540, so in 1940. Let us keep London's memory green, and All Hallows hallowed still.

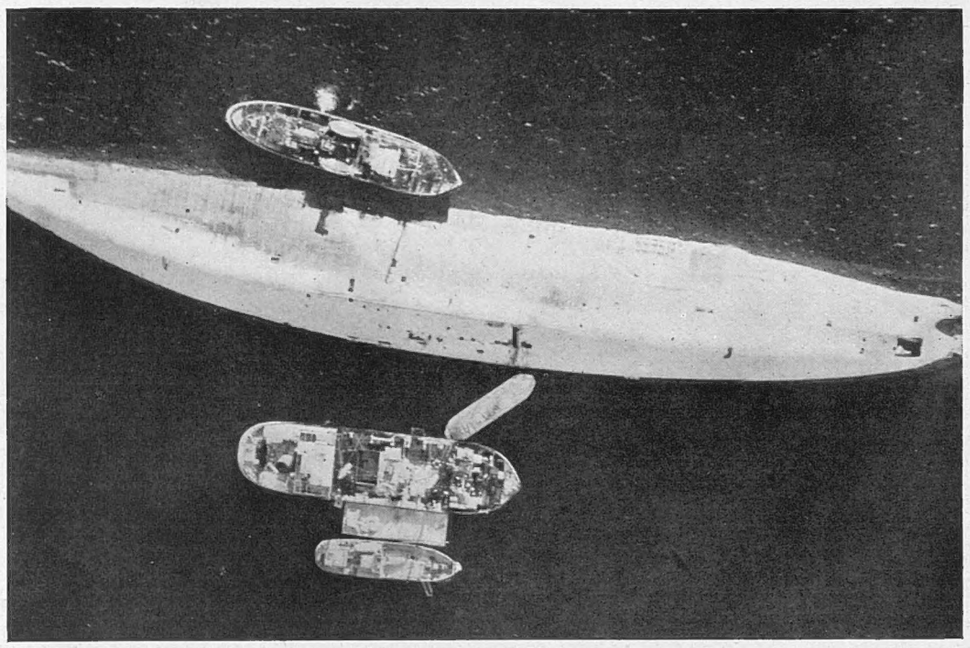
No Children at the Seaside.—I fear it is a true bill which has been brought in against the seaside hoteliers, in letters written in anger to responsible papers. They are not prepared to cater for children. They can get more money with less trouble from adults. The beach is "for adults only." I have had a recent peep at the sea coast. It is a sorry sight, I admit. I felt very sorry for the seaside hoteliers and landladies until my own experience proved to the hilt the indictment brought against them in the Press. They have turned their faces against the children and they have hardened my heart. The millstone I would hang about their necks is a last fling of bureaucratic control. I would require by Act of Parliament or Orders that 50 per cent. of all accommodation at the seaside must be reserved for children this summer and autumn. Meanwhile, I have "got a little list" of some black marketeers in children's hopes who do business in the Isle of Wight, and on the Sussex coast.

THE OLD STAGER



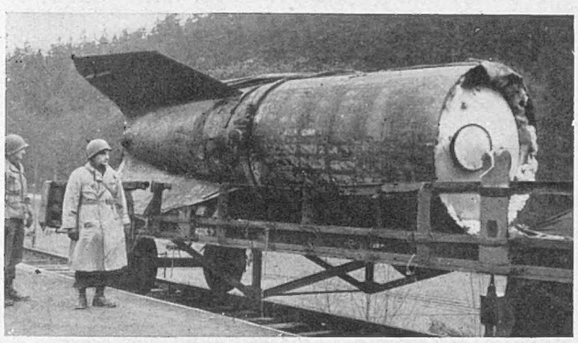
THE WRECK OF THE GERMAN WARSHIP "TIRPITZ" IN THE TROMSO FIORD IN NORWAY. A reconnaissance picture taken by the R.A.F. four months after the vessel was sunk, showing the capsized hull, with salvage vessels alongside

The WRECK of the "TIRPITZ" — The V 2 ROCKET TRAIN

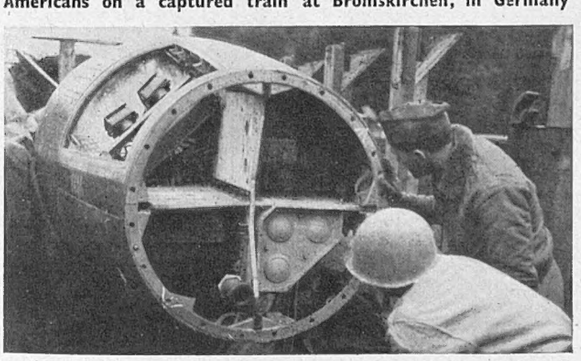


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAPSIZED "TIRPITZ" IN TROMSO FIORD. Salvage vessels are moored alongside the huge hull

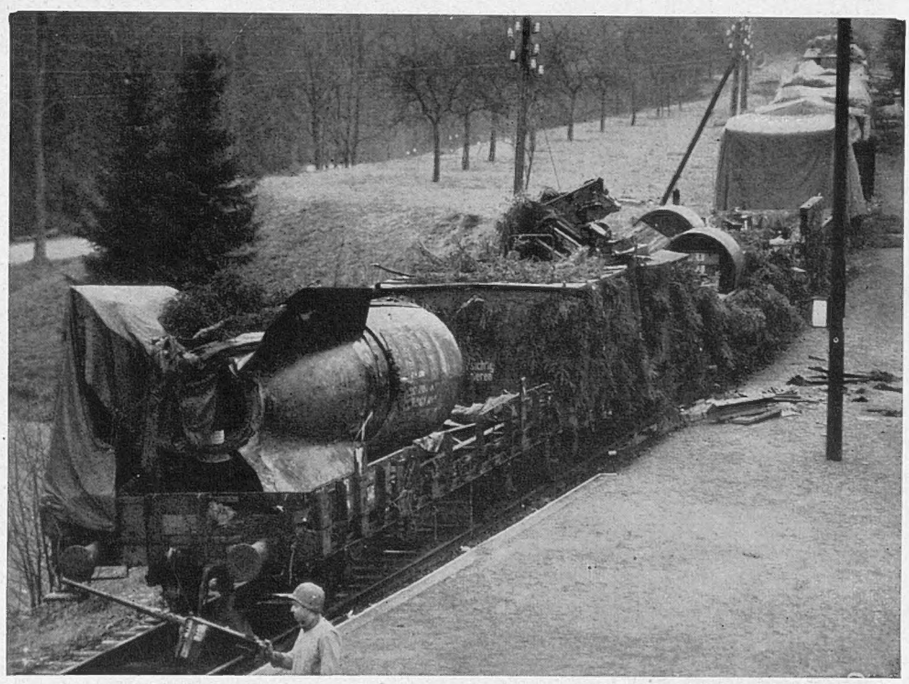
More than four months after the great German battleship *Tirpitz* was sunk in the Tromso Fiord, in Norway, by 12,000-lb. bombs launched from Lancasters of R.A.F. Bomber Command, vertical and oblique reconnaissance photographs of her wreck were secured on March 22. The pictures show that much of the hull of the capsized battleship is covered with snow, which has been only partially cleared away to give access to parts of the wreck. Salvage vessels are alongside or near the wreck, but no major salvage operations are in progress. From examination of the photographs, no statement can be made on the damage which actually caused the vessel to capsize, as it is evident—from the fact that the starboard side of the bottom is above water, that the fatal damage must have been done to the port side of the ship, and this is completely submerged. Interpretation experts consider that the damage was so severe that a large part of the port side must have been destroyed, thus opening many of the port-side compartments, such as engine and boiler rooms, to the sea



A PORTION OF A HUGE V 2, one of 9½ rockets found by the Americans on a captured train at Bromskirchen, in Germany



THE MECHANISM OF A V 2 ROCKET, which controls the huge missile after its discharge from the launching site



HOW THE ROCKET TRAIN WAS DISCOVERED BY THE AMERICANS, with its camouflage still in position: The front end of the V 2's found at Bromskirchen was divided by light wooden panels into four compartments in which were a set of instruments, including radio and power units controlling the flight The upper left-hand compartments contained instruments for controlling the flow of fuel, and the upper right-hand compartment had the radio and other instruments which have not yet been identified. The two lower compartments contained a compressed-air power unit and small turbo-generators. Encased in a sealed metal tube in the nose of each V 2 was a set of instructions on the launching of the rocket

With the ALLIED ARMIES in GERMANY

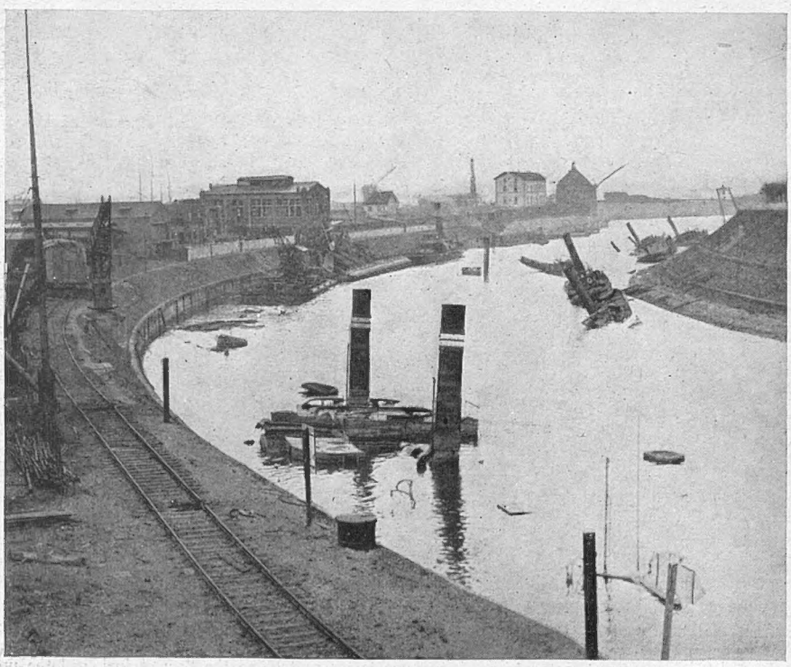
Scenes in the Occupied Portions of the Reich

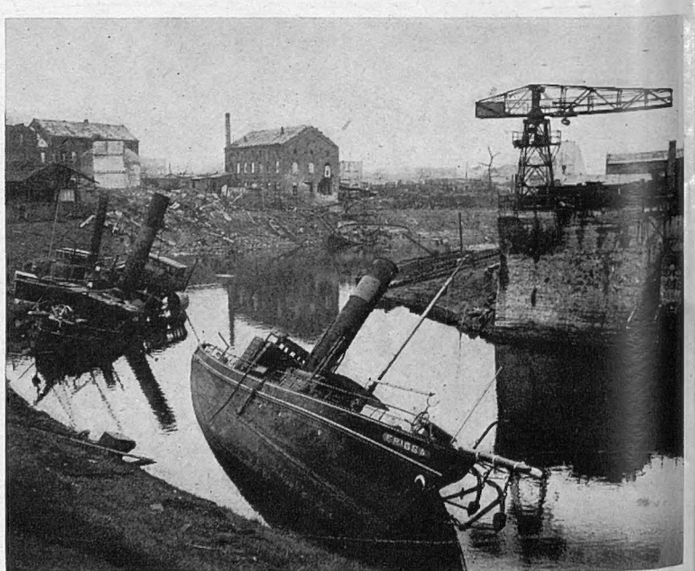
The advance into German is proceeding so rapidly, an along so many differe routes, that it is difficult keep up with the Allie armies! The pictures repro duced here (and on othe pages in the present issue have reached London durin the past few days. They a show scenes in what is no the most devastated countr in the whole of Europe where the efforts of our air men and other branches o the Allied Services are now— for the first time at first hand —being discovered

HEIDELBERG: THE HISTORIC GERMAN CITY OF HEIDELBERG FELL TO GENERAL PATCH'S SEVENTH ARMY ON GOOD FRIDAY. The city, famous for its University, has suffered no damage whatever: it was surrendered by eight German officers who came out by car

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN: IN THE GREAT GERMAN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE, civilians pick their way past dead soldiers in one of the wrecked streets, whilst fighting was still going on elsewhere in the city. Frankfurt was captured on March 27 by General Patton's Third Army

OBER-BESSENBACH: ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING, MASS IS HELD BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN for men just behind the front. Their church is a lowly garage, and included in the congregation are a number of German civilians. The soldiers are members of the 179th Infantry Regiment





DUISBURG: *On left*—**OVERTURNED BOATS IN THE CANAL,** as seen from the bridge. *On right*—**WRECKED SHIPPING IN PART OF THE DOCKYARD,** the result of R.A.F. bombing. This was the largest inland port in Europe and one of the most important of Ruhr industrial cities. Over a period of years it had been intensively bombed by the R.A.F., which wreaked indescribable havoc amongst the shipping in canal and docks. These two pictures were taken a few hours after part of the city had been captured by the Allies when the other half of Duisburg, across the canal, was still in enemy hands

BAD DURKHEIM : AN APPALLING SCENE OF WRECKAGE AT A SPOT WHERE A GERMAN SUPPLY CONVOY WAS CAUGHT BY ALLIED AIRCRAFT IN THE SEVENTH ARMY AREA. Bombs and cannon-fire from the planes brought the whole line to a standstill and allowed the complete destruction of all the vehicles fleeing along the wood-lined road. Infantry arriving later on the scene capsized the lorries and cars in the verges to right and left, so that the advance into Germany could continue at unabated speed. Scenes like this were encountered on every road leading back into the Reich

MERZIG : IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE THIRD ARMY HAD BROKEN THROUGH AT THIS POINT, artillery of the U.S. 26th Division wiped out a German company heading back towards the east. Wreckage still strews the road as a jeep passes the scene of slaughter

CASSEL : BOWLING ALONG A GERMAN AUTOBAHN, armour of the U.S. First Army races up the double-track roadway towards the town of Cassel. These autobahns, built before the war by the Todt organisation, are proving vital supply lines to the rapidly-advancing Allied armies

GENNEP : THE LONGEST BAILEY BRIDGE EVER BUILT. It stretches across the River Maas at a point where an island lies in midstream. Supported on pontoons, the bridge formed a very vital supply line in the Wesel area and much equipment flowed across it during the "build-up" for the British crossings of the Rhine

FRANKFURT : INFANTRY MARCHING DOWN THE GREAT HIGHWAY into one of Germany's great industrial centres. So rapid was the Allied advance in this area that few signs of enemy demolitions were visible for mile after mile

b

ON THE ROAD BETWEEN AACHEN AND COLOGNE. This is what Adolf Hitler demanded from his faithful Germans a few years before the war. The pictures reproduced here show—in very small part—how his promise has been redeemed. With Germany devastated on every hand, the German people must now realise that the "good years," when they could ravage everybody else's lands and possessions, are now over and that a harsh reality has to be faced—by themselves

GERMANY in DEFEAT

Scenes in the Occupied Portions of the Reich

THE SHATTERED TOWN OF REES, ON THE RHINE, AT THE NORTH END OF THE LINE, which fell after fierce fighting as Field-Marshal Montgomery's men prised open the "hinge" and thus laid open the plain-lands leading towards Berlin. This obliteration of a once-prosperous German city was brought about by the enemy's refusal to accept the inevitable: it was shelled and bombed into subjection

ANOTHER GERMAN TOWN IS DESTROYED: ZWEIBRUECKEN AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS. This picture gives further proof of the tremendous price paid by German towns and cities for Hitler's stubbornness. No longer are "foreign" lands being devastated, but proud and prosperous industrial and commercial centres in the Reich itself

WHERE IS THE LUFTWAFFE? This is one of the answers. This impressive scene was taken at the Luftwaffe "graveyard" at Grevenboich, where thousands of crashed Nazi planes are concentrated in the yard of an aluminium works. The wrecked aircraft were brought here so that they could be broken up for their valuable metal: a few in the great pile are British and American—but the vast majority are German

EMMERICH IS RAZED TO THE GROUND: The main street in the town reduced to a flat mass of rubble by the air and artillery onslaught which preceded the attack by Canadians of Field-Marshal Montgomery's 21st Army

THE ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT TAKE OVER IN WESEL : The control of this town has now been assumed by A.M.G.; out of the German population left amidst the ruins, civilians have been appointed to carry on the civic duties. The British C.O. is here seen instructing those Germans chosen by vote of the civilian population to represent them: they are receiving their orders, and are also being handed proclamations for posting up in the town

VOLKSSTURM PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE SECOND ARMY marching away to the P.O.W. compound : The young and the middle-aged, the unfit and the unwilling, were all conscripted for this civilian army. Nearly all of them are still without uniforms, and many without arms. So far, they have not put up a very effective fight in the defence of their homeland

A GERMAN BREAD QUEUE IN A STREET IN MUNCHEN GLADBACH : German civilians who have returned to this once-great industrial centre have much to remind them of the war that has now passed them by. More buildings and shops have been destroyed than are left standing, and the civilians are facing worse hardships than before. Here are some of them queueing up for bread at one of the few bakers remaining in the town

LOOTING IN FRANKFURT : Civilians scramble over each other in their mad haste to secure a few cigarettes and cigars as they raid a store in the centre of the city before the Americans had secured effective control of the population. Similar scenes were reported from a number of other German cities

LOOTING IN MANNHEIM : Before the invading Seventh Army forces had the city completely under control, the citizens seized the opportunity to loot a local drapery store. This amiable trait of the Germans—to loot the moment that Nazi restraint has been removed—has been observed at many points throughout the Reich

LOOTING AT PRIMSTAL : This time a flour warehouse is being rifled of its store. Old men, women and children all took part, and all sorts of vehicles were used to cart the loot away. Far from becoming Werewolves, these people—and others like them—seemed intent only on personal gain

GERMAN MURDER SOCIETIES AT WORK

"Werewolves" are but a Modern Version of the Large Number of German Secret Execution Societies, the Like of Which No Other Nation has Ever Possessed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is easy to laugh at the Werewolves. The idea of a people taking its cue from vampire human animals of medieval folklore in order to visit twentieth-century vengeance, has its comic side. It is when we place Bormann's exhortation beside the long history of German secret execution societies, the like of which no other nation has written, that Werewolves are stripped of their skins and shown to be the Nazi version of the Veme; which means intensified beyond measure.

As one sees it, two distinct things are meeting in the Werewolf.

On the one hand, there is the general summons to guerilla attack on the occupying forces and those who co-operate with them. One gets the feel of this in such words as "Men and women, boys and girls of the Werewolf, to your posts. Be brave as lions, cunning as snakes. Work in silence, make the darkness your ally. Every foreign soldier on German soil is subject to your summary justice. Don't ask whether he has a wife or children at home. Werewolves: to battle!" The guerilla aspect is made even clearer by the announcement that "The Russians must now take into account the activities of the Werewolves on all their communication lines. We have a special account to settle with them. Our revenge will be terrible."

In other words: the expected German version of partisan warfare or the Maquis, the ultimate workings of which are impossible of computation at this threshold stage. Germans know how to bide their time. If their Maquis should go off quarter-cock at the start, that 's no pointer to what it might conceivably be doing in 1946 and 1947.

Choice of "Werewolf" as German for "Maquis" was good psychology by Nazi reckoning. Goebbels's outfit has been plugging how Frederick the Great saved Germany in the Seven Years War by sticking it against all odds. Though most of the country was reduced to rubble and three-fifths of the population killed, his faith and leadership outstripped the unity of his enemies. But only because the people never forsook him. And first and foremost the peasants on the Lueneburger Heide, who waged guerilla war on the foreign mercenaries who marched to and fro across Germany, pillaging their way, between 1616 and 1648. What German boy has not read Loens's *The Werewolf*, dealing with those peasants? The call is now to imitate them.

To come now to the second side of the question. "The movement has its own courts of law, which will judge offenders, and disposes of the necessary forces to carry out its sentences" to be read in conjunction with "The first action of the Werewolves was to safeguard the national honour by the execution of the Mayors of Aachen and Meschede." Three members of the Security Service are believed to have parachuted down to execute sentence in the former case, and just the same branch would try to kill Barney Baruch (as Werewolf Radio orders, should he venture into Germany) and would be at the back of Skoryeny's presence in Paris, doubtless seeking to emulate, though in bloody guise, his rescue of Mussolini from the mountain-top.

This is where we came up with the direct descendant of Veme, and as the Nazis can best keep a more intimate hold on their secret murder society than on guerillas, this second side—execution by order—could grow into the more important of the two.

Let us see how the idea originated.

Veme is old German for punishment. The modern version is Feme. Anyway, it stood for the "Holy and Secret German People's Court of the Middle Ages." Originating in Westphalia, the Veme began by trying publicly and the accused were common law-breakers. The Veme was merely substituting for a lapsed legal authority, due to the lawless inter-battling of Princes and knights in the middle of the fourteenth century. But its appetite for power growing, the Veme presently invested itself with secrecy. Only two sentences were known—hanging or acquittal—and the hanging would be done immediately. Persons could be tried in their absence, and members of the Veme were under oath to go to every length and cross every frontier so that executions should be carried out. This went on for over 200 years, until, around 1450, the Veme had grown to be not only the most dreaded tribunal on earth, but the highest juridical authority of the German Reich.

Veme judges journeyed with retinues from town to town, and castle to castle, and so high a privilege was it considered, to be elected to the Bench, that Frederick I, Elector of Brandenburg, felt honoured to be allowed to wear the mask of a skull and crossbones, and the black robes, which that station ordained. However, with membership swollen to the 100,000 mark, the Veme got too big even for its shoes. Not only did it start making new laws of its own, but it summoned Emperor Maximilian I to appear before it. This custodian of the Holy German Reich decided to run the supreme risk. He abolished the Veme in 1495, and so sick of the skull-and-crossbone stuff was the population, that he got away with it. From *circa* 1500 to Napoleon's day, the Veme was heard of only in legend—it was not part of Frederick the Great's stock-in-trade.

But against Bonaparte in Prussia there rose the Luetzow Free Corps. It sported a black uniform with silver skull and crossbones, and won renown for its guerilla descents on the French and upon those collaborating with them. Hitler took a lot besides the uniform from the Luetzow Corps, and so did the German Free Corps, which came into being as a result of the 1918 defeat. Each of these Corps had their own secret courts for ordering executions. The first was set up in the Harz Mountains, by a Lieutenant Rossbach, as early as January 1919. About the same time Captain Heydebreck launched his Free Corps in Silesia. A Major Balla set to work in the Baltic Provinces, and a Captain Schulz in Hanover. Other militant societies took titles like "Consul," "Bluecher" and "Oberland." And one recalls the Ruhr's own Schlageter, whose execution by the French created a national martyr. The Epp, Kapp and Ehrarhdt Brigades were of like stamp.

This variety of Veme a generation ago sat in courts of three—usually quite young men—and judges were also executioners. Rathenau and Erzberger were both shot by their "judges." And a long list of lesser fry. The executions did not cease until Stresemann had "finessed" the victors into Locarno, in 1925, which was the signal for all active Germans to relax. In fact, the next executions under Veme conditions were those of Roehm and his thousands of supporters, in June 1934, and there is especial reason to recall that "blood bath," inasmuch as the man who set the stage, Major Buch, not only linked the 1919-1924 assortment of Free Corps to Hitlerism, but is head of the Supreme Party Court to this day.

Buch began in 1926 with the "Column Buch," or "The Black Hundred," taken from Hitler's Bodyguard and to be relied upon for anything. These became the nucleus of the *Sicherheitsdienst* which, under Kaltenbrunner, should be the directing agency of any and all secretly ordered executions which may lie ahead, both inside and outside Germany. Bormann, Kaltenbrunner and Buch—those are the names at the outset of Hitler's Veme, since it is clear that the intention is to have one central authority ordering executions, and one only.

Nor is there any prospect of a lack of executioners; rather, never before so many offers. It is a strong argument, indeed, for keeping younger Germans rigorously to their own country for some years. How should we know whom they had sentenced abroad, with intent to follow up, pistol ready?

So we may envisage Hitler's Veme operating roughly as follows:

All the Werewolves, "men and women, boys and girls" (and I 'd bet on the boys being the most useful) are summoned to act as informers. Courts will meet underground—they did in France—and take action on the "evidence." The *Sicherheitsdienst* will undoubtedly be at the core of the new amalgam of murder societies. It has been utterly trained to the job and could act in the capacity of judge and executioner, thereby returning to the dual role of the Veme six centuries ago.

The attitude of the Allies will manifestly have to be different towards these secret killing associations from what it was after the last war. Then the sentiment was "Let them kill one another if they want to! Anyway, it 's none of our affair what happens outside our bridgehead." Which was true enough. But it won't do this time, with the whole of Germany occupied, and the secret executioners inciting millions of their compatriots to bear down on Allied soldiers. Apart from which, it is urgently in our interest to keep alive as many helpful Germans as can be found to risk things. Already guards are being placed in protection of the most useful Germans, but it will be necessary to pass to aggressive action against the Nazi Veme directly circumstances permit.

One has been struck thus far by the leniency of treatment meted out to Germans before our summary courts. And by the almost laughable notion that German children can be made amenable to parental control and thus weaned from their Führer.

The trouble with Anglo-Americans is that they fancy themselves as re-educators of these contemporary Germans. Unless one is greatly mistaken, they will find that only the severest treatment is of avail in respect of Germans, who will go on executing, if so inclined, until they are executed.

WEREWOLVES? Two boys of seventeen and eighteen, now prisoners of war: both have less than 12 weeks' training and both were captured at the Rhine

A sixteen-year-old German soldier, after his capture by the Ninth Armoured Division of the U.S. First Army

In Appelhusen, a few miles from Munster: A German prisoner, one of a batch, displays his "safe conduct pass," dropped by an Allied aircraft

WEREWOLVES? These men are members of the German Volkssturm and Fire Brigade and Air Raid Wardens. They are being marched through the streets of Hamborn, a suburb of Duisburg. With them is a girl prisoner

WEREWOLVES? THE LOOTERS OF LIPPSTADT, mostly girls, loaded with bottles of wines and liqueurs, of which there is evidently little shortage, which they had looted from the big stores and distillery just prior to the arrival of the Ninth Army on the outskirts of the town. When they found that the German police had gone, the women smashed the windows of the shops, taking everything they could lay their hands on

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Some 800 poor boys and girls are being maintained by the Society in their various Homes and Training Ship. Will you help this splendid work of training poor children to become fitted to take their place in the world? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE MEN WHO ARE LEADING THE GREAT ASSAULT

THE COMMANDER OF THE 21ST ARMY GROUP : Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, with Lieut.-General Horrocks (Corps Commander; behind) and Major-General G. I. Thomas (G.O.C. of the 43rd Division), during a visit to the Armies at the front

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR MILES DEMPSEY, in command of the British Second Army at the northern end of the Allied line on the West Front

THE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER—General Dwight D. Eisenhower during his visit to the U.S. Ninth Army on the Rhine : He is here seen at a forward observation-post overlooking the river just before the crossing

THE SUPREME COMMANDER WITH GENERAL PATTON : The latter is, of course, in command of the American Third Army. His spearheads are now deep into Germany, pursuing the same tactics as they employed during their headlong rush through France in 1944

GENERAL H. D. G. CRERAR, Commander of the First Canadian Army. He was appointed in March 1944, after having previously commanded the First Canadian Corps in Italy

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN W. LEONARD, Commander of the U.S. 9th Armoured Division, which captured Remagen

LIEUT.-GENERAL ALEXANDER M. PATCH, of the U.S. Seventh Army, which has come all the way from the Riviera

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PERCY C. S. HOBART : Fifty-nine-year-old tank pioneer, who became a Home Guard in 1940 after retiring from the Army. Later he was re-employed and became "the man behind Montgomery's crossing of the Rhine." He conducted a Special Training School for the first Rhine assault units

MAJOR-GENERAL E. L. BOLS, Commander of the British Sixth Airborne Division

LIEUT.-GENERAL LEWIS H. BRERETON, who led the airborne assault across the Rhine

LIEUT.-GENERAL COURTNEY H. HODGES, Commander of the U.S. First Army, whose troops were the first to enter Germany

LIEUT.-GENERAL WILLIAM H. SIMPSON, Commanding General of the U.S. Ninth Army, which is now back in General Bradley's Group

MAJOR-GENERAL ALLAN ADAIR, Commander of the Guards Armoured Division which has made such wonderful and rapid advances into the Reich

THE AIR CHIEFS AT THEIR ZERO-HOUR CONFERENCE : All the aircraft which took part in the crossing of the Rhine were under the operations control of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham. He was responsible for all the work of co-ordination. Weather played a vital part in the timing of the airborne attack, and Air Marshal Coningham delayed taking his decision until the last moment. This picture was taken during the final conference before the attack. From left to right are—Group Captain R. C. Sutcliffe, Chief Met. Officer; Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, General Lewis Brereton, Commanding General, First Allied Airborne Army; and Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom, Senior Air Staff Officer

The GREAT GERMAN RETREAT

Scenes during the Debacle of the German Armies in the West

—*Special Sphere Pictures*

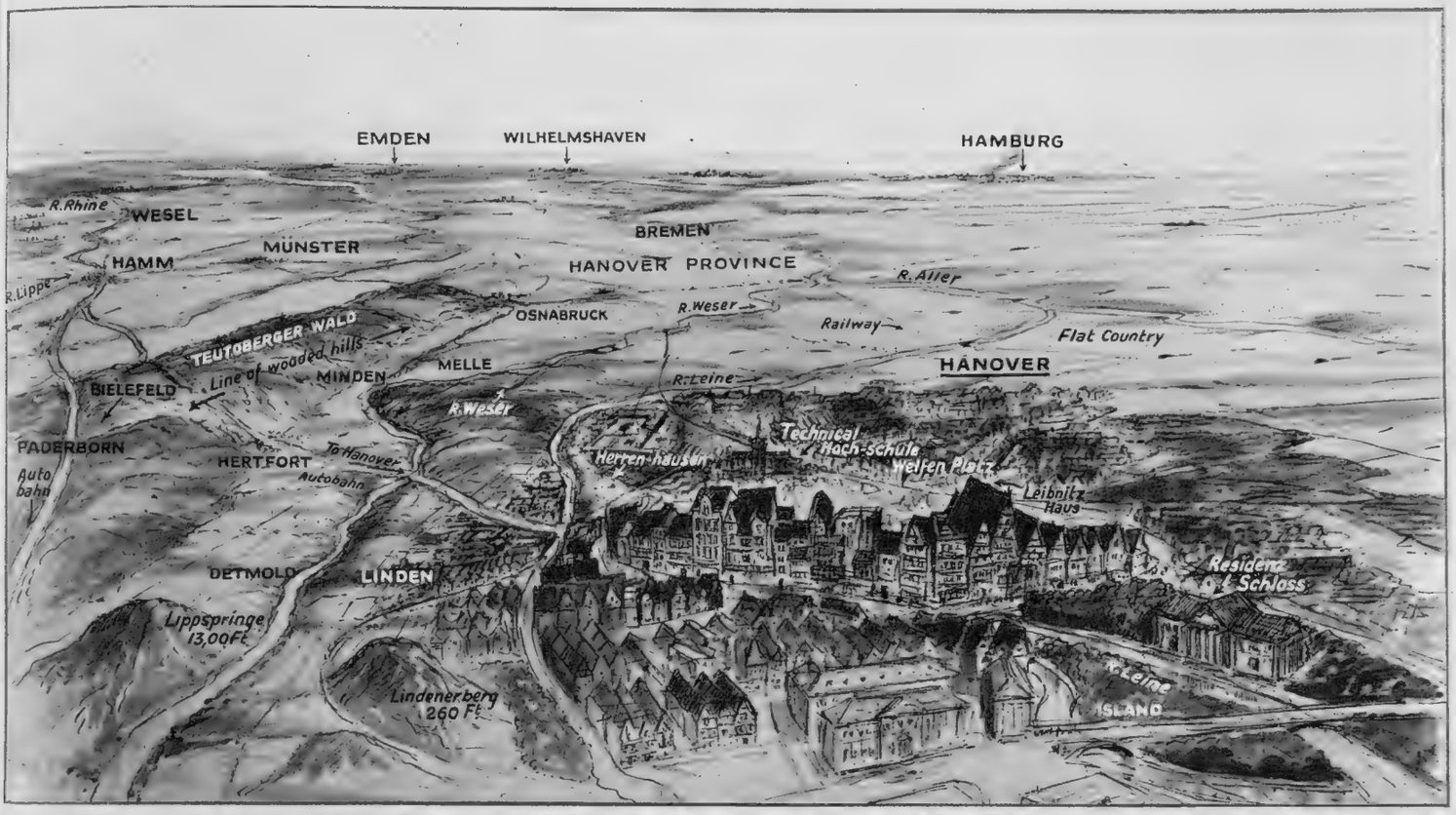
On right—When the trap set for the Germans began to close, Patton's armour wrought such havoc among the 80,000 enemy troops that they began to panic, owing to lack of precise information as to the whereabouts of the U.S. Armies. Bewildered, isolated German units, including some first-class panzer elements, ran headlong into Patton's armour racing to establish a series of iron boundaries between them and their only hope of escape

THE GERMANS RETREAT BEFORE GENERAL PATTON'S ARMOUR—AND GET HOPELESSLY LOST: The American tanks frequently collided with the enemy armour in the Coblenz area—the Germans being evidently unaware of the general situation through lack of coherent information. Multiply this incident during the great retreat by one hundredfold . . . —*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE GREAT RUSH TO GET TO THE EAST BANK OF THE RHINE: German lorry-drivers race past each other to get there first, whilst R.A.F. planes swoop down to destroy them by the hundred—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

On left—When it became a case of "every man for himself," the Germans on the west bank of the Rhine menaced by the advancing Americans really panicked, according to pilots who took part in the strafing of the fleeing columns. "I could see trucks trying madly to pass one another on crowded roads," said one airman. "They were so intent on getting out that they didn't care what happened." Literally, thousands of vehicles were seen on the roads east of Kaiserslautern. The sky above them was reported to be so full of Allied planes that pilots had to wait in a queue to attack! In one day, 3,200 German motor-transport vehicles were destroyed or damaged, in addition to over ninety locomotives and over 900 rail cars. All the roads to the Rhine presented indescribable scenes of havoc, with hundreds of vehicles burning in vast masses of destruction

On right—**AGAIN (AS IN RUSSIA) THE GERMANS USED HORSE TRANSPORT for the guns in the race across the Rhine**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.* Among the evacuation traffic were six-horsed artillery-wagons going full gallop and German soldiers on bicycles—all heading east. This odd assortment was mingled with tanks and vehicular traffic, with the inevitable result that traffic tangles were everywhere observed. In Russia, too, the enemy has made use of horse transport—owing to the state of the roads in the wet weather. But, on the West Front, this employment was to make up for the enemy's deficiency of other forms of transport



THE APPROACH TO HANOVER, THE HISTORIC HANSEATIC CITY ON THE DIRECT LINE TO BERLIN, showing how it was reached by the British armies moving eastwards from Wesel after the Rhine crossing—*Drawing by Percy Home*

HANOVER and NUREMBERG

Approached by the Allied Armies on the Roads to Berlin

Hanover lies roughly parallel with Berlin in latitude, and stands on the edge of the Hanoverian plain. It is now a large industrial city, in which the old thirteenth-century town, with its narrow streets and high-gabled houses, lies embedded in the centre. The River Leine twists and turns within this old section, and is joined by its tributary, the Ihme, while the modern city lies to the north and east surrounded by woods. Within the old town there stands the Altes Palais, where the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia was born, and the great red-brick Market Church, built in the fourteenth century. Among the many half-timbered houses, the home of the famous philosopher Leibniz stands out as both the most interesting in association and architectural beauty. For over 100 years Hanover was attached to the British Crown—from the time when George I, Elector of Hanover, succeeded to the throne of Great Britain till the death of William IV. As no woman could occupy the throne of Hanover, it became separated on the accession of Queen Victoria, when her great-uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, became King Ernest I of Hanover. Since 1866 it has belonged to Prussia, having been annexed after the war with Austria

HOW THE AMERICAN SPEARHEAD FROM THE SOUTHERN RHINE BRIDGEHEAD WAS DIRECTED TO THE HISTORIC BAVARIAN CITY OF NUREMBERG—*Drawing by Percy Home*

In the general fanning-out of the American forces in the south, the thrust towards the famous Bavarian city of Nuremberg stood out conspicuously. The movements of the armoured columns could not be exactly defined, but it appears that General Patton's tanks were working over a wide area. One column crossed the Aschaffenburg bridge, an area in which fighting had been reported, and then pressed on into Bavaria. It was presumed that this was the same formation reported as nearing Wurtburg, one of the old episcopal towns ruled by Prince-Bishops in medieval days. The hill above the town is crowned by the Marienburg fortress, the episcopal fortress-residence. The approach to Nuremberg, in any direct line, is confronted with a line of hills known as the Skegerwald, sufficiently high to throw the main railway line between Wurtburg and Nuremberg in a wide swing to the north by way of Bamburg. The towers of ancient Nuremberg rise picturesquely when these hills have been passed. The inevitable castle crowns the wooded hill, the town descending gradually to the plain, where the modern manufacturing extensions of the city lie. The irregular placing of the old, high-gabled houses gives great attraction to the old city. One of the most notable of the ancient houses is that of Albrecht Dürer, the famous etcher

SUPPLY GOVERNS THE SPEED OF THE BREAK-THROUGH: ONE OF THE PROBLEMS WITH WHICH OUR ENGINEERS HAD TO CONTEND DURING THE "BUILD-UP" ACROSS THE RHINE—the rise and fall of the River Maas, across which the supplies had to pass, caused great anxiety owing to the danger of collapse at the points shown in this picture—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The PROBLEM of SUPPLY

For Montgomery's Great Assault Over the Rhine

—With Two Special Sphere Drawings

Before the attack across the Rhine could be attempted, an immense volume of supplies had to be conveyed across Belgium and the River Maas to be piled up behind the Wesel bridgehead. Day after day, and all through the night, long supply columns of all kinds of transport brought the guns, shells, all kinds of ammunition, timber, food and medical supplies, repair parts, all the mechanised vehicles, bricks, assault boats, and the innumerable variety of goods required by a modern army. The supply columns had to cross the Maas River, which had been for some time in such a state of abnormal flood that it was in some places four or five times its usual width. At Gennep, for instance, it has been stated that the engineers had to erect a bridge of 4,000 yards only to find a few days later that the river had run down to 500 yards. This meant that the pontoon-bridge approaches were no longer resting on water, and the earth was too soaked to keep them steady enough for traffic. Every day brought some varying condition, requiring adjustments by the engineers who, with the Pioneer Corps, have played a great part in the achievement of the British and Canadian forces. It was they who had to tackle the problem of the flooded areas around Cleve, where the Germans were holding on desperately during the fierce struggle to drive the enemy out of the Maas-Rhine pocket. The courage of these engineers, working under fire without the excitement of fighting back, has enabled the troops to cross river after river, and now to achieve the last great waterway protecting the Reich. Each Army division requires about 7,000 of these engineering troops and 6,000 tons of bridging material, all of which has to be brought from England

A VESSEL ON A TANK TRANSPORTER at Neerharen for the long drive to Germany. The task was carried out by the R.A.S.C.

AN AMERICAN TRUCK OF THE U.S. NINTH ARMY carries a large pontoon to help in the construction of a Rhine bridge

Much of the material used during the advance across the Rhine, and many of the landing craft put into the river, reached the Continent by way of the Antwerp docks. Some of them were then taken across Belgium by road, and others were sent from the port to Neerharen for loading on to tank transporters for conveyance to the front

LANDING CRAFT, WHICH WENT BY ROAD TO THE RHINE, being camouflaged against enemy observation: Hundreds of them were gathered and hidden until the great moment was signalled

TRAFFIC CROSSES THE RHINE IN A STEADY STREAM, across one of the bridges put up by the engineers in the record time of 6½ hours. Note the twin steel tracks on which the lorries pass over the pontoons

Below—**THE WHITE ENSIGN OVER THE RHINE: Captain E. S. Hall, R.A.S.C.,** directing the traffic over the river by means of an amplifier. In the background, British engineers are busy putting up one of the bridges, while on the left the White Ensign flies over the river in recognition of the Navy's part in the Rhine assault

READY FOR THE BIG PUSH YET CONCEALED FROM ENEMY EYES IN A FOREST ON THE WEST BANK OF THE RHINE: The "build-up" preparatory to the crossing was tremendous; equipment of all kinds was piled high in every available spot behind the Allied lines. Yet the Germans could have known little of what was going on, so skilfully had the material been conveyed to the front, and so carefully had it been screened from the prying eyes of the Luftwaffe

SOME OF THE NEW MEDIUM LANDING CRAFT WHICH WERE CONVEYED ON SPECIAL LORRIES RIGHT UP TO THE RHINE: Their passage—a secret from the Germans—lay over doubtful bridges and through narrow village streets, some of which had to be demolished to let them through—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A new amphibious technique was employed to carry men and vast quantities of material across the swift and broad reaches of the Rhine. According to a report from a war correspondent with the First Army, it was apparent that before bridges could be thrown across, a fast service of craft to carry tanks and guns would be needed, and plans for these were laid months ago. These special craft have been operating on the Rhine since March 10, three days after the capture of the Remagen bridge. It is the first time that these particular boats have operated across fresh-water obstacles and the first time the Army has ever called on the Navy to help them to cross a river. There were many formidable difficulties in this job—manœuvring for pin-point landings in swift currents, launching boats from muddy river banks, and, worst of all, taking them by road to the place where they were needed. Moving overland, an L.C.M. on its carrier is 77 ft. long, 14 ft. wide and nearly 20 ft. high. Yet the necessary numbers of these huge craft were taken over rutted and narrow roads, improvised bridges and through twisting village streets, and all were on the spot within forty-eight hours of the call for them being made

THE PEEVISH PRINCESS OF NORDKIRCHEN : Princess Valerie Maria Arenburg (a descendant of Queen Victoria) is told that she must leave her castle. There are 300 rooms in the château : the Princess was told she could use fourteen, as the others were all wanted by the U.S. Ninth Army. The Princess did not like it—but nevertheless she had to obey orders, and the 2nd Armoured Division moved in. Here she is seen with her husband, Prince Arenburg, the first German Prince to fall into Allied hands

THE SPEED OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE is demonstrated in this picture : Railroad cars are here seen still burning in the station at Frankfurt after the Allied entry into the city. They had been hit during a bombing attack by our aircraft, carried out only a short while before the U.S. Third Army made their appearance on the scene

THE MAP MEN FOLLOW UP THE LAND ARMIES during their advance into enemy territory : Mobile map lorries, each containing 40,000 maps in its racks, are keeping pace every mile with the advancing Allied armies. There is a kind of leapfrog system by which maps of the actual area as well as maps of the next objective—and even the one after that—are ready stacked in lorries. One depot in France issued 4,000,000 maps in six weeks, exclusive of the printing carried out by the field-survey companies

A WORLD-FAMOUS GERMAN FACTORY IS CAPTURED INTACT—including its owners : The Leitz plant at Wetzlar, where the well-known Leica cameras are made, fell untouched into Allied hands when the town was captured. Only one of the buildings was hit, by one bomb. For long the factory has been making valuable contributions to the German war machine, and the plant to-day is full of gunsights, binoculars, etc. : it could go into production again at any moment. In this picture, a party of American officers are being shown over the interior. Their guide (in black overcoat) is Ludwig Leitz

As Our ARMIES PENETRATE DEEPER INTO GERMANY

Some of the Scenes They are Witnessing in the Heart of the Reich

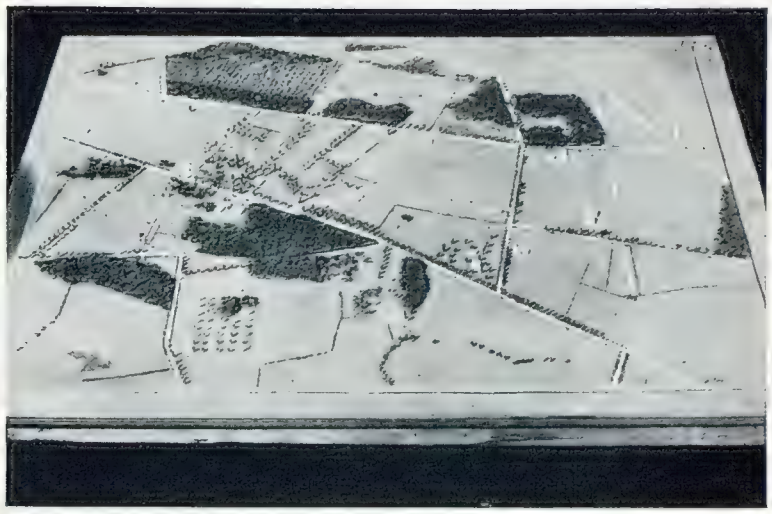
LUDWIG LEITZ (on left) AND HIS BROTHER ERNST, who, with their father, run the famous Leica factory in Wetzlar, now in Allied hands intact

A P-47 THUNDERBOLT FIGHTER-BOMBER ON A NEWLY-BUILT AIRSTRIP IN GERMANY : To enable the fighter-bombers of the Ninth Air Force to lend the closest possible co-operation to the land forces, aviation engineers have built airfields close to the front line all the way from Normandy into the Reich. Here is their latest—on German soil itself. The piece of heavy equipment on the right belongs to the 818th Engineer Battalion, which has carried out the work

THE AUTOBAHN AIRSTRIP : A German motor highway serves as a landing-ground. When the great super motor roads of Germany were built it was intended that they should serve the purposes of the German Army. But, now, they are being used by Piper Cub reconnaissance planes operating in the forward areas. One is parked on the road in this picture and another is coming in to land

A SEVENTH ARMY TANK IS CONVERTED INTO AN AMPHIBIAN by means of a canvas screen. A scene during the crossing of the Rhine, carried out under a protective cloud provided by artificial fog, rain and an overcast sky in the early hours of the morning

IN THE PICTURESQUE GERMAN TOWN OF HANAU : A tank of the famous 4th Armoured Division passes through the shuttered streets. From many of the windows float the white flag which is so characteristic a feature of all the enemy's towns along the line of advance into Germany



THE SCALE MODEL WHICH HELPED THE R.A.F. TO DEMOLISH THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS on the North Rhine front : After waiting for four days for suitable weather, Typhoons of the Second Tactical Air Force on March 18 attacked the headquarters of General Blaskowitz, Northern Rhine front, and of General Christiansen, Commander-in-Chief of the Netherlands garrison, with 1,000-lb. bombs, rockets and incendiaries. Both headquarters—which were devastated—were in country houses and adjacent buildings in Holland. Pilots detailed for the mission had been briefed with the aid of scale models of the targets and their surroundings. This blow must have seriously affected the Nazis in their plans for holding up the Allied advance into Germany

TELLING THE NEWS TO THE GERMAN CITIZENS OF HÜNXE : On to the jeep a public-address loud-speaker has been built. By means of this the civilians in the town are being told the rules and regulations of the Military Government of that area. The men operating jeep and loud-speaker are members of a Mobile Radio Broadcast Unit of the 12th Army Group

THE ALLIES ARE DISCOVERING THOUSANDS OF ALLIED NATIONALS IN GERMANY in a pitiful condition of distress : When the Ninth Army came to the outskirts of Lippstadt, thus sealing the Ruhr pocket, and the Germans found that their own police had gone, they started to loot from the shops and raided the local wine and spirit distillery. The Allies also found a group of Russian prisoners freed after the departure of the police. The one with a stick in hand on the right, who looks so aged, is quite a young person, but he has suffered so much that he looks an old man. Most of the Russians were found to be in this condition

HOW THE NAZIS DESTROYED THEIR RAILWAYS in the retreat before Montgomery's Army : The Germans had used their special "track-ripper", to tear up the rails near Emmerich, as they retreated before Montgomery's forces on the northern shoulder of the Lower Rhine sector. This is how the track was found as our men went forward

THE SCENE OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTING ON THE WHOLE OF THE WESTERN FRONT: The capture of the village of Afpen, lying to the south-west of the town of Wesel, by British troops. A German gun has been overturned on to the pavement: taking cover behind it are British infantrymen firing at enemy snipers hiding in buildings along the street. The fight for the approaches to Wesel was amongst the stiffest on the Western Front: they commanded the entry to the German Plains, the gateway into North-West Germany and a veritable key-point in the enemy's defence system

WHERE THE FIGHTING was FIERCEST

The Capture of Wesel, and the Airborne Landings Beyond the Rhine

—*Special* Sphere *Pictures*

***Below*—THE SCENE AT WESE**
the Rhine-side town in front of t
British and Canadian forces, as
burst into flames when attacke
from the air—*Drawing by Edward Osme*

Just before 10.30 on the night precedi
the great crossing of the Rhine, a sing
Pathfinder stole across the clear, moon
sky above Wesel, key town at t
northern "hinge" of the West Fron
A sudden shower of golden sparks
and then Wesel leapt into a bright ar
angry red glow. Gigantic flowers
smoke curled outwards out of the flam
and the quick thud-thud of bomb
followed. Overhead the aircraft humme
with a sombre, persistent challenge
the Allied Air Forces set about th
obliteration of the German stronghol
Soon our assault craft were crossing th
Rhine—in advance of the general Allie
crossings—and the greatest obstacle
our advance into the heart of German
itself had been swept aside

THE ALLIED AIR ARMADA AS IT CROSSED THE RHINE FOR THE GREAT AIRBORNE LANDINGS ON MARCH 24, when 6,000 bombers, fighters, gliders and troop transports took part in the greatest aerial invasion in the history of warfare—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* The greatest air force ever assembled—between 5,000 and 6,000 bombers, fighters, gliders, glider tugs, and troop and supply transports—supported the Rhine crossings. It was a bigger force than that in operation for the initial Normandy landings. A fleet of 1,300 gliders and 200 paratroop-carrying aircraft carried the great air army in an unbroken train 150 miles long. The troop-carrying aircraft stretched ahead and behind as far as the eye could see. They were flying layer upon layer, and receding into the distances until they became tiny specks. The great cavalcade swept on, growing in strength as, reaching the Channel coast, contingents from several bases converged to cross the water together. Over France the stream joined hundreds of American aircraft carrying paratroops to the dropping zones. This drawing shows the scene over the Rhine, with Wesel in the distance on the far left. The aircraft in the foreground are the new-type Curtiss Commandos, which each carried thirty-six fully-equipped paratroopers: the gliders are Horsas and Hamilcars

AFTER THE AIRBORNE LANDINGS: Gliders on the ground after the paratroops had been landed in the area around Hamminkeln. This was an operation which went without a hitch: 40,000 men were landed within a small area to clear and hold key positions until a junction with the advancing Allied infantry could be effected

HOW THE ALLIES ARE STRIKING AT LARGE GERMAN TOWNS LYING IN THE PATH OF OUR ARMIES ADVANCING TOWARDS BERLIN: The industrial town and large railway centre of Kassel (so often visited by Bomber Command before the Rhine crossings) after it had received special attention from both British and American bombers on March 8 and 9. This view of the city centre shows enormous devastation: since it was taken, Kassel has been occupied by our land forces

BENEATH THIS FANTASTIC CARPET OF BOMB-CRATERS is all that was left of the railway yards at Rheine after an attack by R.A.F. Bomber Command on March 21. This was only one railway centre out of many put completely out of action at a very critical moment for the German Army, when quick communications were essential for them

The WRECKING of the REICH

The Obliteration of German Cities

And the Work of Allied Bombers in Norway and Italy

As the Allied ground forces advance into the heart of Germany they are seeing more and more evidence of the devastation and destruction wrought by our bombers among important enemy towns and industrial and communications centres, which have in many cases been almost completely obliterated.

The three R.A.F. reconnaissance photographs reproduced here are only a few out of many such. Wherever the Germans attempt to impede the forward movement of our ground forces, the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Forces are sent in with orders to uproot the "strong-points" and drive out the enemy. In the process, a good part of the Reich is suffering in a manner which the average Nazi certainly never envisaged two or three years ago, when his own triumphant Luftwaffe was bombarding England and other Allied countries

THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN OF DULMEN, an important industrial and communications target. It was visited by Bomber Command on March 22: a week later—on March 29—it was captured by British troops. Little now remains of Dulmen beyond rubble and tottering walls—a fate which has befallen many a former German "stronghold" on our route of advance

NOWHERE ARE GERMAN SHIPS SAFE FROM THE R.A.F.: Coastal Command Mosquitoes carry out a "strike" against enemy vessels in Porsgrunn Harbour and wreak great execution

ROCKETS SPEED TOWARDS AN ENEMY MERCHANTMAN IN PORSGRUNN HARBOUR. They have also found a target just behind, where a pillar of black smoke rises into the sky. All along the enemy-occupied coasts of Europe the R.A.F. are seeking out German shipping: in no port along the western fringes of the Continent is any German vessel now safe from attack. These two pictures were taken as a force of Coastal Command Mosquitoes struck in Norway on Friday afternoon, March 30. Three of the four merchantmen found there were damaged and left well ablaze after many attacks with rockets and cannon. The fourth ship was left smoking after six hits. A factory on the quayside was also damaged and left on fire. One large merchantman was hit by as many as thirty-nine rockets, and another by twenty-eight. Porsgrunn is used by the Germans for evacuating their troops from Norway to Germany. The Mosquitoes made their attack at zero feet

ON THE EAST BANK OF THE RHINE: Bringing out the wounded by means of a glider ambulance, after the glider had first been used to bring in special supplies

HELPING TO CLEAR THE GERMANS OUT OF COASTAL POSITIONS IN THE NORTH ADRIATIC: Baltimore bombers from Italy operate with the R.A.F. Working in close conjunction with the Royal Air Force, Baltimores of the Balkan Air Force based in Italy are helping to clear the Germans out of Yugoslavia by bombing road and rail communications and other strategic targets over a wide area. This picture was taken just as two of the Baltimores were attacking German gun positions at Stojen Point on Rab Island, in the Northern Adriatic. A close pattern of bombs may be seen bursting on the target

THE GLIDER FIRST BRINGS IN SUPPLIES: Fifteen minutes later it will have been equipped as an ambulance for the evacuation of wounded troops from German territory. The first glider ambulance is now operating on the east bank of the Rhine, where it was employed originally in the Remagen bridgehead. This new method of evacuating the wounded is proving a great success. When the glider lands, it brings in medical supplies and stretchers: as soon as these have been unloaded, preparations are made to take on the wounded, and in less than fifteen minutes the casualties are being flown out to a hospital well behind the lines. The towing aircraft—generally a big transport plane—swoops down: without touching down on the ground, it gently hooks up the glider with its load of wounded and hauls it straight up into the air at the end of a specially manufactured tow-line which "gives" to the sudden pull. This method of evacuation not only provides speedier medical attention: it also saves the wounded many hours of hazardous travelling over road and river

THE RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET PLANE OF THE U.S. SEVENTH ARMY : Testing the radio controls before the plane takes off. It is used to tow targets for anti-aircraft batteries during practice

THE RADIO-CONTROLLED TARGET PLANE

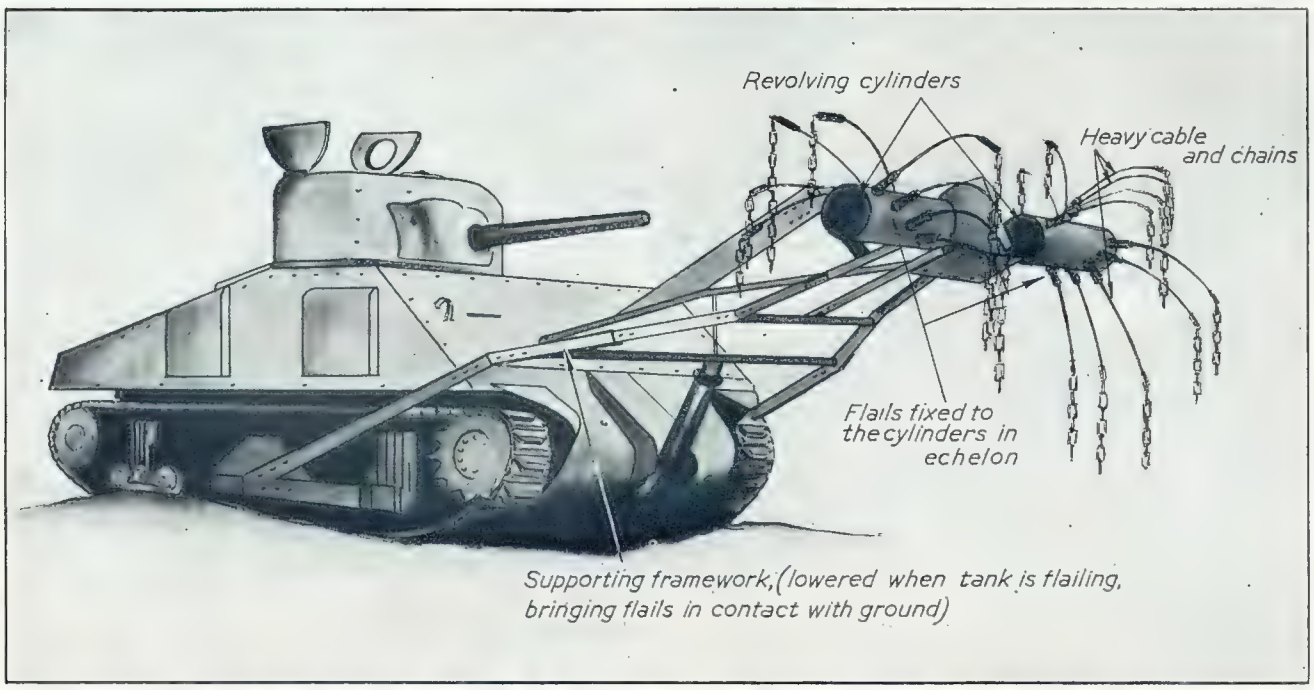
And Other Allied War Devices

THE PLANE IS ASSEMBLED AT THE RANGE. Experts are making adjustments inside the miniature craft before it is launched along its special runway

THE PLANE IS PLACED ON THE RAMP. Note the tiny propeller at the front, and the finished details of the miniature aircraft's construction

WHEN ITS TASK IS FINISHED, THE PLANE COMES DOWN BY PARACHUTE : This is accomplished by a remote-control button. The wind is usually too strong for the plane to land in any other way : The five pictures reproduced here, showing the radio-controlled target plane, come from the Dabo area in France, where the U.S. Seventh Army have established a range for anti-aircraft gunnery practice. The plane is a miniature, which is controlled from the ground and which tows a target at which the guns fire. It takes off from a special ramp and is landed by a parachute (which is also released from the control point on the ground). The tiny aircraft is of very fine and exact construction—as these photographs show

THE SPECIAL RAMP by means of which the tiny aircraft is launched into the air



THE AMERICAN TYPE OF FLAIL TANK, based on the English, but yet different. In this, the flails are fixed to a supporting framework which is lowered when the tank is flailing. Heavy chains beat the ground and detonate the enemy mines
—*Drawing by B. C Wood* (see note at right)

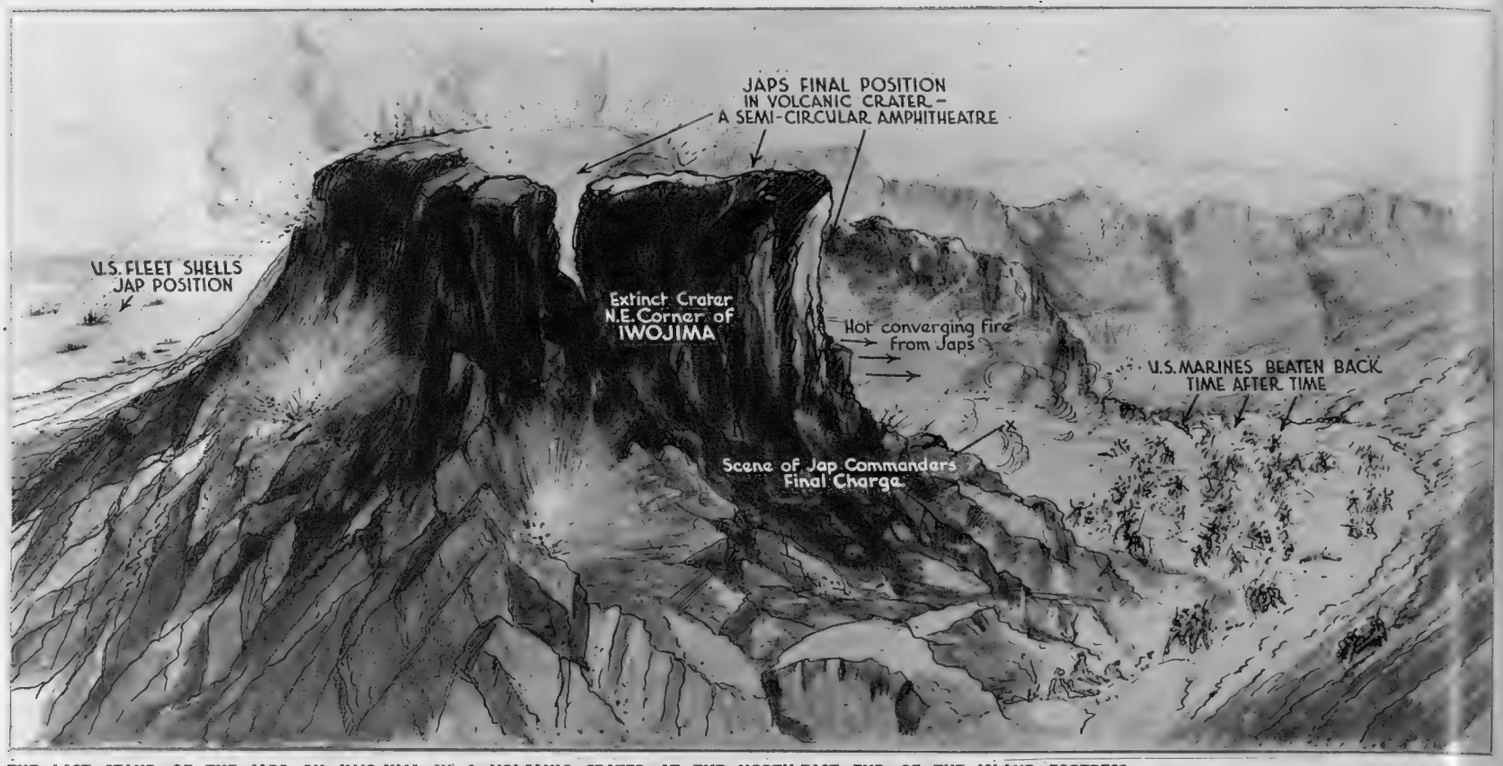
On left—The Flail tank has proved its usefulness up to the Rhine and beyond. Correspondents landing on the eastern shore of Germany's moat had to keep within carefully-taped paths, for the enemy's love of minelaying was still evident. The Flail tank has saved many a regrettable incident from taking place. If a district has not been thoroughly purged, a sudden explosion may overturn a jeep, with disastrous results ; and advancing infantry may be caught on an innocent-looking meadow. The Flails stop this, though they themselves are vulnerable from their slow speed. Crabs, as they are familiarly known, when actually flailing, travel at a mile to 1½ miles an hour. Their slow speed inevitably makes them an easy target for the enemy, quite apart from the risk of being blown up by mines when going uphill, or when the sogginess of the ground does not allow the flailing chains to exert sufficient pressure. When the flails touch-off an anti-tank mine, the crew feel the tank shudder, but suffer no discomfort. Anti-personnel mines make a short, cracking noise, but are inaudible in a big barrage. Crabs proceed in echelon formation, the troop leader having to keep his head out most of the time to make sure that direction is being kept as he flogs his lane. For the men in the Crab, each detonation of an anti-tank mine, sounds like a V-1 a mile away, and the air inside the tank becomes full of dust and the smell of cordite

A ROCKET SHIP IN ACTION: DETAILS OF A TYPE OF VESSEL WHICH HAS DONE VALUABLE WORK IN ALLIED INVASION OPERATIONS IN BOTH EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC. The ship seen here is a converted landing craft, with the rocket projectors arranged in "banks" on its upper deck. When the projectors are firing, the heat and the noise are terrific—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

When a rocket craft goes into action all the ship's company, with the exception of the Commanding Officer (who controls the firing mechanism from a protected position on the bridge), go below decks. As the salvoes are fired there is a deafening roar like that of an express train, and a blinding sheet of red flame envelops the steel deck. Sometimes it is not possible to see the rockets reach their target because of the overhanging cloak of smoke and the choking cordite fumes. The decks would get red-hot from the back-fire but for the automatic water-spray. After a succession of salvoes the decks are steaming—with boiling water. The first six rocket craft to go into battle made their own way for 3,000 miles from England to the scene of operations. The drawing above shows a rocket ship firing a salvo to cover a landing. The rockets can be seen quite clearly when they leave the projector, as they do not reach maximum acceleration immediately as does a shell, and they usually appear to be much longer than they actually are, owing to the impression which is made on the retina of the observer's eye.

BRITAIN'S MERCHANT AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: TWO VIEWS OF THE "RAPANA," of a type unique in naval history in that they combine the functions of laden merchantmen with those of miniature escort carriers. They are considerably smaller than the smallest aircraft-carriers

The original purpose of these ships was to provide air cover both for themselves and for other vessels in the 500-mile air gap in the Atlantic which was at that time outside the range of shore-based aircraft. M.A.C. ships, looking very much like Cinderella-sisters of first-line fleet carriers, wear the Red Ensign. They are under the command of Merchant Masters and carry flying personnel of the Fleet Air Arm. They were brought into use as an emergency measure at a time when all the available escort carriers were required for major naval operations. The M.A.C. ships were a development of the earlier C.A.M. ships, or Catapult Armed Merchantmen. In the case of C.A.M. ships, the aircraft, once having taken off, could not return, the pilots baling out in the vicinity of the convoy and being picked up by an escort vessel. The M.A.C. ships overcame this very great disadvantage, with its attendant 100-per-cent. loss in aircraft, by having flight-decks superimposed on the vessels. This was no easy task: structural alterations raised many problems. Cargo appliances, such as masts, derricks and winches, and large hatchway openings, were impracticable to fit. Under these conditions the ships are confined to grain-type cargoes, which can be discharged by suction and loaded by chute. The naval pilots operating from M.A.C. ships have to face many difficulties of taking off and landing on what has been described as "a postage stamp." Even the largest M.A.C. ship is considerably smaller than the smallest of aircraft-carriers. In one case, pilots have a flat space of only about 400 ft. from which to take off and on which to land. Considering the alarming deck movement frequently encountered in the Atlantic, this is no small feat



THE LAST STAND OF THE JAPS ON IWO-JIMA IN A VOLCANIC CRATER AT THE NORTH-EAST END OF THE ISLAND FORTRESS: Here the enemy commander led the last "suicide" charge after apologising to the Japanese Emperor for having lost the island to the Americans—*Drawing by Percy Home*

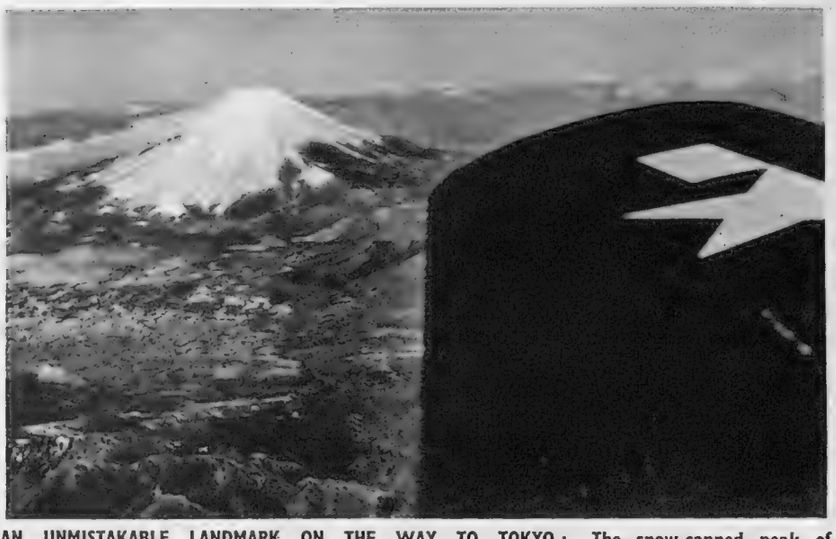
THE WAR AGAINST THE JAPS

Pictures from Iwo-Jima and from the Inland Se

The last stand of the Japanese garrison on Iwo-Jima prolonged the fighting on the small island for nearly three weeks. Five thousand of the enemy were massed on Kitano Point, on the northern tip of the island, where they held out with fanatical and desperate courage against the determined attacks of the American Marines, who were aided by naval guns. Again and again the Marines advanced, but could not drive the enemy from their strong defence, the amphitheatre of an old volcanic crater, from which they directed a deadly fire from small arms and mortars. Protected by gauze masks flown out to them to keep off volcanic dust from their eyes and throats, the Marines finally broke the Japanese force into three parts, the largest being around Kitano Point and the others on the shore. By March 16 all organised resistance was at an end, after the Japanese commander, Lieut.-General Tadamachi Kuribayashi, led a final charge of his remaining troops to meet death rather than surrender. He had previously sent a message to the Emperor of Japan stating his "most profound regrets" in not being able to hold the island, which was of such vital importance for the safety of Japan. It is realised in Tokyo that the homeland can now be invaded by America, as Mustangs can escort the Super-Fortresses from their base on Iwo-Jima. The taking of this small island has been the most costly action for America of all the fighting in the Pacific

THE TYPE OF JAP PILL-BOX ON IWO-JIMA, which had made the island a veritable "Gibraltar of the East." This strong-point had concrete walls 8 ft. thick: it was located on the slopes of Mount Suribachi, and took a direct hit from one of the Navy's big guns. The terrain of broken lava rock makes it almost impossible to see the fourteen Marines taking a rest in the immediate vicinity

THE FIRST AMERICAN PLANE TO LAND ON IWO-JIMA'S AIRFIELD: This tiny plane, operated by the U.S. Marine Corps, was the first to land on Motoyama Airfield Number One. As it touched down on the clay runway, the Japs fired three mortar shells on to the field by way of greeting. At the time of this landing the Japs still held gun-positions on the mountain, and these covered most of the area of the aerodrome



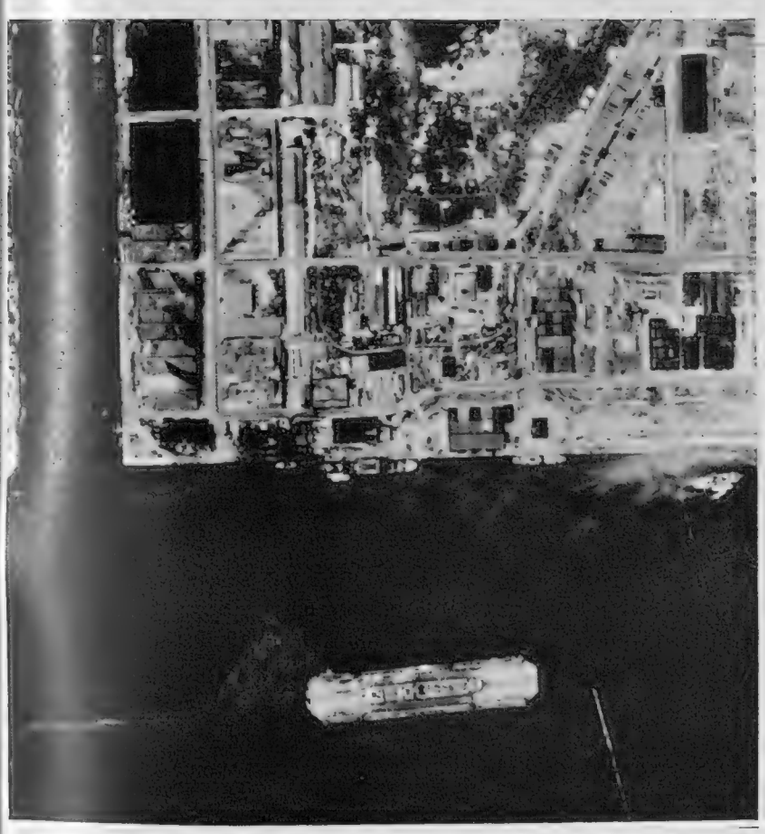
AN UNMISTAKABLE LANDMARK ON THE WAY TO TOKYO: The snow-capped peak of Fujiyama, which points the way to the Jap capital for the American bombers coming up from the Marianas. It can be seen by the pilots from many miles away

ONE OF THE TARGETS IN THE TOKYO AREA UNDER ATTACK: Direct hits appear to have been scored on many buildings of this factory by American aircraft flown from the deck of a carrier

THE JAP FLEET IS CRIPPLED IN ITS HOME BASE: THE ATTACK BY AMERICAN CARRIER-BORNE AIRCRAFT ON THE "SCAPA FLOW" OF JAPAN SITUATED IN THE INLAND SEA. Fifteen big enemy ships were damaged in this attack and 475 planes destroyed—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On March 20 it was announced from Washington that a campaign to hunt down and destroy the Japanese Fleet had begun. One of the hiding-places—probably the chief—is the great Inland Sea which lies between the Japanese islands of Honshu, Kyushu and Shikoku. On the same day Admiral Nimitz announced from Guam that, in a two-day attack, an American carrier task force had struck at the principal units of the enemy fleet and had inflicted "crippling damage." One of Japan's mighty Yamato-class battleships, of 45,000 tons, is known to be among the 15 to 17 ships of the Japanese Navy smashed in their home waters. Japanese broadcasts later stated that 1,400 carrier planes took part in the attacks on the vessels in their innermost lair, in the inland sea surrounded by the islands of the Japanese mainland. Vice-Admiral Mitscher's powerful task force not only inflicted "crippling damage" on the enemy fleet, to quote Admiral Nimitz's words in his communique, but destroyed 475 Japanese aeroplanes—200 in the air, 275 on the ground. Two Japanese battleships, one heavy cruiser and two or three aircraft-carriers were among those damaged. In addition to major fleet damage, the carrier aeroplanes destroyed hangars, shops, arsenals and oil-storage facilities. No American ships were lost. Only one was seriously damaged, but it was able to proceed to port under its own power. A few other American ships received minor damage, but are in full operation

AN AERIAL VIEW OF A TYPICAL FISHING VILLAGE ON THE SHORES OF THE FAMOUS INLAND SEA, which has been described as one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the world. Paddy-fields and terraced plantations of Indian corn and millet fill the valley



THE FLOATING DRY DOCK AT SINGAPORE IS ATTACKED BY AMERICAN SUPER-FORTRESSES: This is an aerial reconnaissance photograph of the Japanese naval base in enemy-occupied Singapore: at the bottom of the picture is the famous floating dry dock which cost millions of pounds to build and transport to the East just before the war. It was blasted by Super-Forts of Brigadier-General Roger M. Ramey's Twentieth Bomber Command in a high-level, precision bombing attack on February 1. The virtual destruction of this important target will probably deprive the Japanese of their principal dry dock in the South Seas and one of the largest anywhere under enemy control. In the picture, it will be observed that a large vessel is in position in the dock

AN ISLAND IN THE INLAND SEA, showing an extensive salt pan for the evaporation of sea water. The crystallised salt can be seen in orderly heaps. The shortness and humidity of the Japanese summer are not favourable to the manufacture of salt from natural brine

WARTIME SCENES from Many Different Quarters of the Globe

A SCENE IN BRUSSELS: The British Army, on leave in the Belgian capital, decide to see a football match. These British soldiers got 48 hours' leave. They dashed to Brussels and decided to go to a football match. But here they encountered an unexpected difficulty: there is a shortage of transport in the capital of Belgium, and the trams were packed like tins of sardines, with a hanging annexe for the overflow. But nothing will beat the British Tommy. So up they climbed—and, of course, they got there!

BELGRADE CHILDREN VISIT MARSHAL TITO: A scene in a room at the White Palace. Yugoslav children of the Belgrade Pioneer Delegation visited Marshal Tito at the White Palace in Belgrade recently. The children, whose ages ranged from five years to eleven years, were accompanied by the Yugoslav writer Branko Copic. The Marshal had a fatherly chat with the children, and told them of the work of their brothers at the front. He left them munching gifts of chocolates and sweets.

THE ITALIAN PREMIER AT THE CASSINO ANNIVERSARY: Signore Bonomi, visited Cassino on March 15, 1945, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the great aerial bombardment of that town last year. Here he is seen (bearded figure in centre), accompanied by Diamare Abbot of Monte Cassino (second from right), entering what was once the Town Square. In the centre is Archbishop Constantine, representing the Pope

THE JEWISH BRIGADE FIGHT IN ITALY: Captain A. Akavia at work at Company Headquarters—he was Personal Assistant and Secretary to the late Brigadier Wingate. The first Jewish Brigade to be formed in the war is in action alongside the Eighth Army in Italy. They will carry the Star of David as a badge of honour in combat against those whose purpose has been to make it a badge of shame. The unit includes Palestinian refugees from England; thirty-seven countries of origin can be traced among the Brigade's members

BRITISH FOOD STOCKS FOR LIBERATED EUROPE: Some of it is here being collected for despatch to the Continent. "Up to the moment, the Minister of Food has agreed to release no less than 900,000 tons of food from stock in this country for the civilian populations of Europe. A large quantity has already been sent, and a large quantity remains in this country which, it is expected, will shortly be taken up by Shaef. Of this quantity of food, almost 8 per cent. has gone, or is going, to Shaef. who are distributing it to civilians in North-West Europe. The remaining quantity of food has been sent to the Mediterranean countries, or has been put at the disposal of the National Governments of France, Holland, Belgium and Norway and to U.N.R.R.A."—an extract from a speech by the Deputy Prime Minister, March 28, 1945

U.N.R.R.A. TEAMS GO TO FRANCE: Team No. 1 loading its equipment and preparing to start. The first of many U.N.R.R.A. teams have left London recently to work under Shaef on the care and repatriation of the millions of Europeans who were uprooted from their homes by the Nazis and taken to Germany for forced labour. The teams' immediate destination is the U.N.R.R.A. Mobilisation Centre in France, where they will receive last-minute instructions and will be joined by workers of French and other nationalities, who have been recruited on the Continent. Each team is made up of ten people and has its own equipment, such as trucks, tents and stores, including messing appliances and first-aid materials. The teams will be dovetailed into active operations as soon as military conditions permit. While the U.N.R.R.A. personnel is mainly intended for work in Germany, the workers may be used to assist in the care of displaced persons now in Allied countries. In the picture above, Alexander van den Bogaert, a Dutchman and Director of Team No. 1, is seen coming down the steps of U.N.R.R.A.'s European Regional Office in London

HUNGER DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS: Angry and hungry Parisians stand in the streets of the capital bearing banners demanding food for their children

Shouting "We are living on air," 100 Paris housewives—all that were left after the police had dispersed a large gathering marching from the Bastille to the Town Hall—demonstrated against food conditions in the French capital. With the Black Market running uncontrolled, the food situation in Paris is officially described as chaotic, and many of the poorer people are experiencing real hardship

ANGRY FRENCHWOMEN SHOUT FOR FOOD at the demonstration in Paris: The large gathering which assembled at the Bastille was dispersed by the police

LIBERATION DAY IN PARIS: The presentation of 140 flags and standards to units of the French Army by General de Gaulle. On Monday, April 2, 140 flags and standards of reconstituted French units of regiments, which hid their colours during the period of German occupation, were presented to Commanding Officers by General de Gaulle, President of the Provisional Government of the Republic. The ceremony was held at the Place de la Concorde, the occasion being marked by the presentation to the City of Paris of the Cross of Liberation—formerly the highest of Free French awards

THE SUPREME COMMANDER VISITS THE BRITISH THIRTY-SIXTH DIVISION IN BURMA: This picture was taken when Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, was making an inspection tour of the British Thirty-sixth Division in Central Burma. With him on his tour were Lieut.-General Dan I. Sultan, Commander of the India-Burma forces; and Major-General H. C. Davidson, Commander of the U.S. Tenth Air Force. Major-General F. W. Festing, D.S.O., Commander of the British Thirty-sixth Division, met them and acted as their guide. In this picture, Lieut.-General Sultan is seen on Lord Louis' left hand

"WHERE THE INFANTRY SPEAK ONLY IN WHISPERS"—on one bank of the River Senio in Italy: British troops are dug in on one bank of the River Senio, whilst the enemy positions are on the opposite bank, only 14 ft. away. Periscopes are used by our men to observe signs of enemy movement, and grenades are lobbed at the first signs of activity. So near are the opposing positions that eight-figure map references are necessary when sending back fire orders. The accuracy of our artillery fire is evident from the number of destroyed positions that can be seen. Constant fire from all weapons is maintained against the enemy. The area round the river is so heavily mined that white tapes are used to mark clear tracks, from which the infantry may not stray

THE REPATRIATION CHIEF ARRIVES IN GIBRALTAR: Sir Findlater Stewart being greeted by Major T. Foley, Military Attaché, representing the Governor. Sir Findlater Stewart, the man who will reunite Gibraltar's families, arrived at the Rock on March 23. Sent by the Colonial Government, his job is to plan the repatriation of those Gibraltians who were evacuated as a war measure and are still separated from their homes. Many of them have already returned from Jamaica, London and Northern Ireland; but with the Rock already jammed with a swollen wartime population, to fit the others in is the puzzle which Sir Findlater has come to solve

CHAPLAINS OF THE GRAND ASSAULT

The Story of the Army's Padres and Their Wonderful Record During the Present War

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ONCE again, as in the case of my account of Bailey bridging, I cannot do better than to start with a phrase from Field-Marshal Montgomery. Just before El Alamein he said: "I would as soon think of going fighting without my artillery as without my chaplains." On a later occasion he wrote "No commander can inspire great armies or single units and lead them to great victories without a proper sense of religious truth."

Now that German resistance has been broken, but savage battles are still being fought in various parts of the Reich, religious faith in the righteousness of their cause is more important than anything else for the troops. Nobody wants to die when the main battle is to all intents and purposes over. But even before the final crack-up of the Wehrmacht it was most important that the troops should have some spiritual quality with which to counter the fanatical worship of Hitler.

Mind you, the Army has a long tradition of religion and quite solid reasons for it, because certain factors attend the lives of all soldiers in all wars and practically drive them to prayer. Thus every soldier on active service is separated from his home and, naturally, hopes and prays that his relatives will be all right. Again, the soldier at the front has to face the prospect of death at the moment when he is at his fittest and least anxious to die. At times his world goes mad and he needs some guidance on many occasions when he is lonely, hard-pressed and thrown on his own resources. That is the time when he cries out to God. This human trait and Army tradition has been fostered by all Army leaders in this war. Two of them, Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery and General Sir Bernard Paget, are sons of Bishops. General Dobbie, of Malta, was never without his prayer-book. And then look at "Bible" Smith.

THE CHAPLAIN - GENERAL, CANON HUGHES, who holds the equivalent rank in the Army of Major-General: He was Vicar of Mansfield at the outbreak of war. He took Holy Orders in 1922, after having won the M.C. as a Major in the 4th battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment. He has served in many theatres during the present war

Field-Marshal Alexander is more personally reserved about religion, but gives every possible support to his padres.

Apart from anything else, this is good generalship.

Men do not like following ungodly commanders, and the leaders who win battles are those who understand their men's reactions and handle them in a way to which they will respond. They see to it that their padres have confidence in their cause and can spread a simple gospel which is right on the bull's-eye. The better the men, the more truth and divinity they have and the better soldiers they become.

Under the direction of Alexander and Montgomery, the padres brief the men properly as to the righteousness of their cause and its relationship to the Divine purpose. And whenever the Eighth, First or Second Armies have had a successful battle, immediate and genuine homage had been paid to the Deity. These Thanksgiving Services are no empty form. They increase the soldiers' sense of being borne forward to victory by a great tide. No man can *command* faith in other men. There is bound to be a hiatus between "Let God Arise" and "Scatter His Enemies." This hiatus has to be bridged really by a Royal Army Chaplains Department.

There are only 2,000 of them now. Seventy-one have been killed, 126 wounded, 123 taken prisoner, whilst seven are missing—believed killed. These casualties show a higher percentage than any other arm of the Services. In addition to half-a-dozen C.B.E.s, the chaplains have won five D.S.O.s, sixty M.C.s, as well as twenty-two O.B.E.s and thirty-seven M.B.E.s. More than 160 chaplains have been mentioned in despatches.

The reason for the present shortage is twofold. On the one hand, the Bishops, very unwisely, refused to claim exemption for theological students at the outbreak of the war. The result was that hundreds of them joined the Services as fighting men. In addition to this, the R.A.C.H.D. is the only corps in the British Army which does not commission from the ranks. Thus, instead of having one or more chaplains per battalion, they have to be on brigade or even on divisional establishment. Officially there should be four per brigade—one Church of England, one Roman Catholic, one Church of Scotland or Methodist, and one United Board (Congregational Ministers and Baptists). There are not enough Orthodox Jews to call for a rabbi per brigade, but there are several of them on the Western Front; and excellent types, too. In the case of specialist formations like the 51st Highland or 15th Lowland Divisions, there is, naturally, a preponderance of Scottish padres, everything being done to supply units with chaplains who have the biggest religious following.

Padres in this war get around a lot. The Chaplain-General even had what he called a "tinned" padre. In other words, he allowed one to go in a tank; but this did not work. He had too small a congregation for it to be worthwhile.

There are various types of padres—the one who dodges about with the men in the front line helping the stretcher-bearers (in the opinion of the Church of England, it is a priority for them to help the wounded who have a chance of surviving, rather than to read the Last Sacrament over the dead or the obviously dying. In fact, the Church of England chaplains are taught to regard themselves as assistants to the R.A.M.C. rather than as undertakers. Naturally, they assist in burials and the funeral services, but their whole gospel is that Hitler and Satan are out to kill the troops. They and God want them to live).

Then there is the Divisional Chaplain, who sees that all the front-line padres are on the job; the chaplains on the gun-sites and light ack-ack batteries; the Divisional and Corps chaplains up and down the line of communication, the hospital chaplains, the chaplains with field ambulances and hospital ships, the area chaplains in places like Brussels, and, finally, the Chaplain-General and those under him in England.

The present Chaplain-General is Canon Hughes, who holds the equivalent rank of Major-General, and was Vicar of Mansfield at the outbreak of the present war. Actually, he did not take Holy Orders until 1922, having won the Military Cross as a Major in the 4th battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment. As a territorial, he joined the Sherwood Rangers in 1939; went to Palestine in January 1940 as a senior chaplain of the Cavalry Division, and proceeded to Bagdad with it; returned across the Syrian Desert in the French campaign, and then as senior chaplain of the Eighth Army went with Montgomery's men from El Alamein to Tunis, proceeding from there to Sicily and to Italy, and returning with Montgomery for D-Day, when he landed in France as chief padre of the invasion force. He remained in this capacity until four months ago, when he received his present appointment.

Canon Hughes is admirably outspoken. He is a real man. "What the Army wants padres for," he said, "is for religion. They do not want good chaps or social successes or the Oxford accent or jolly chaps or the welfare-officer-type. They want men who will give them the knowledge that they are discharging the purpose of God by fighting the enemy. Troops want to be convinced about this and to feel that the blessing of God is on them, on the homes they have left, and on the Cause for which they fight. A fighting man must know whether the Lord is with him or against him. It makes the whole difference. Whatever may be said about the present-day church, about our prayer books and hymn books, the Army would not know how to make its appeal to God in the hour of need, nor would have had the means to do so, unless their churches and the form of prayer had existed."

There have been several experiments in the equipment of Army chaplains. In 1939, each of them was equipped with a staff car, but little by little the vehicles allotted to padres became less luxurious and more suitable for a man whose value was found to exist in his personal ministry rather than his dunnage. Trucks of different kinds were fitted with portable altars and harmoniums. There were also experiments in mobile churches. The St. George, a beautifully-fitted chapel, travelled all the way from El Alamein to Tripoli. Two other mobile churches went to France with the British Army of Liberation. But easily the best were the four caravans with chapel attached. These were presented by the Diocese of Northumberland and Durham. Two went to Italy, and two to North-West Europe. They are ideal vehicles for padres going to war. For everything is laid on, chaplain and all.

Padres with reconnaissance units, of course, have to travel in jeeps, so as not to draw enemy fire. They rig up altars on the spot, possibly using their own suitcase, the tailboard of a staff car, a piece of wrecked aircraft, or timber from a blitzed building. They carry a Communion-set in the side pouches of their webbing equipment, with hymn books in their haversacks. Candlesticks and Communion chalices are frequently made out of shell-cases. R.E.M.E. are adept at this.

THESE MEN ARE ALL PADRES, undergoing training at a Battle School for Padres in the Midlands before D-Day: The idea of the battle-course was threefold. First, it aimed at teaching chaplains self-preservation. Secondly, by bringing together chaplains from all branches of Army life in an eve-of-battle atmosphere, it aimed at promoting a keen spirit of brotherhood among them. And finally, by concentrating as much as possible on devotions and prayer, it aimed at giving the priests that inspiration which comes from worshipping together. During the present war, in addition to six C.B.E.s, the chaplains with the forces on the various fronts have won five D.S.O.s, sixty M.C.s, twenty-two O.B.E.s, and thirty-seven M.B.E.s. More than 160 have been mentioned in despatches

Over thirty padres have jumped on various occasions with the airborne troops. One of them, asked later about his emotions, said: "I had always been taught and believed that you should put 100 per cent. faith in God. I regret to say at my first jump I suddenly realised that it was a question of 50 per cent. faith in the Deity and 50 per cent. in the little girl who made the parachute." I specifically include this remark, because it shows how human the Army chaplains can be.

Many a parish church will find after the war that the possibly pompous, even priggish, young parson who went to the wars—has returned a real man. Many of them went through the Desert wearing open necks and only the shoulder-flash to show that they were men of God. In discarding the clerical collar and the black stocks, they discarded much preciousness as well.

At the present moment, in addition to these Army chaplains, there are nearly 3,000 officers and other ranks who intend to enter the Church. Many of them, before ordination, will probably go up to one of the universities. The fact remains that they intend to take Holy Orders. This gives the Bishops possibly their last great chance of bringing congregations back to the size they enjoyed in the Victorian and Edwardian times. But unless a simple, clear-cut directive—almost a White Paper on Religion—is given, it can safely be presumed that golf, hiking, motoring and the other unclerical pursuits of the British on the Sabbath will once again exert their old sway.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

MRS. MARY ALICE EVATT, wife of Dr. H. V. Evatt, the Australian Minister of External Affairs, photographed at Grosvenor House in London

THE MINISTER OF LABOUR EXPLAINS HIS PLAN FOR RESETTLEMENT AFTER THE WAR: Mr. Ernest Bevin was the principal figure at a Press Conference held a few days ago in St. James's Square, when he spoke on the re-allocation of Man Power and detailed the plans of the Government for the demobilisation of members of the Forces and their resettlement in civilian life. This picture, taken during the Conference, shows (from left to right)—Air Commodore Wann, Mr. H. V. Alexander, Mr. Ernest Bevin, Sir Godfrey Ince and Sir Ronald Adam

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

Men and Women Now Figuring in the News

BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, who is to receive a £2,000-a-year post: Miss Sybil Campbell, for more than three years a principal official in the Ministry of Food, has been appointed to the £2,000-a-year post of a London magistrate, and becomes the first woman to achieve this position. Miss Campbell is fifty-five, and was called to the Bar in 1922

THE MAN WHO HAS PERFORMED THE YEAR'S BRAVEST DEED: For jumping fully clothed into the water to rescue two airmen washed off a damaged flying-boat during a 65 m.p.h. gale, Group Captain James Alexander, of the R.A.F., was awarded the Humane Society's Silver Medal last September. The Society have judged this action the most gallant reported during 1944

A WOMAN SINGER WHO FOUGHT AT WARSAW: Nina Grudzinska, prima donna of the Warsaw Opera and Polish film star before the war, is now in London. She was in Warsaw when it was taken by the Nazis in 1939. Afterwards she went underground and took part in the fighting during the siege. Eventually, she managed to escape into Eastern Europe and finally to England

THE TOWN CLERK HELPS to paint scenery at Cheltenham: Cheltenham Corporation are early in the field in establishing a Civic Theatre. It opened on April 9. The Town Clerk, Mr. F. D. Littlewood (below), is co-director, and is also helping to prepare the scenery

THE FATHERS OF NEW-BORN BABIES ARE ALLOWED INTO HOSPITAL AS VISITORS: Babies born at the Gravesend and North Kent Hospital are only allowed to receive their fathers as visitors. This rule has been made as a precaution against possible infection being brought in. The nursery is barred to all except mother, father and staff—and there is no breaking the rule. Everything is being done to give the baby a real healthy start in life

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

CONSIDERING THE LATEST BOOKS

An American Best-seller; War-time Farming; Irish Revolutionaries; The Development of South Africa; A Thrilling Murder Mystery

FIRST of all, to consider **A BELL FOR ADANO** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), which has been one of the past season's most spectacular successes in the United States. It has been dramatised and is now playing in New York, while in Hollywood they are relentlessly turning out a film version. Its fame has come before it even to this country. There is, therefore, sufficient reason for taking its reading seriously, whatever one's initial reactions to the fact that it is a book about the war, and a book written in a now-familiar, jerky style, particularly in its dialogue.

Since this is a book with a valid and admirable purpose, it may be irrelevant to cavil at small points of style, but I confess to thinking the inversion of the usual conversational gambit awkward.

"Chuck Schultz said: 'Hell of a war.'

"Polack said: ''Smatter, Chuck, you gonna get sick again?'

"Chuck said: 'Oh, hell, no, I feel good. It's jus' hell of a war.'

"Polack said: 'Prove it.'

"Bill said for the ninetieth time that night: '*Uño due tre quattro cinque.*'"

And so on.

But now for this novel's intention, which is primarily for the author's fellow-Americans. Mr. John Hersey writes in his foreword, "Until there is a seeming stability in Europe, our armies and our after-armies will have to stay in Europe. Each American who stays may well be dependent on a Joppolo, not only for language, but for wisdom and justice and the other things we think we have to offer Europeans.

"Therefore, I beg you to get to know this man Joppolo well. We have need of him. He is our future in the world. Neither the eloquence of Churchill nor the humaneness of Roosevelt, no Charter, no four freedoms or fourteen points, no dreamer's diagram so symmetrical and so faultless on paper, no plan, no hope, no treaty—none of these things can guarantee anything. Only men can guarantee, only the behaviour of men under pressure, only our Joppolo."

To examine this Joppolo, then, who is the core and reason of the book. He is an American Major, an Amgot officer in charge of a newly-captured Italian town. In some sort he is the town's mayor. Most important of all, he is of Italian extraction, both his parents being Italians from near Florence. His problem, then, is a special one, but as Mr. Hersey rightly says, special to the American people as a whole too, since they are now invading Europe as an army of European immigrants invaded the United States, and "everywhere our army goes in Europe, a man can turn to the private beside him and say: 'Hey, Mac, what 's this furriner saying?' . . . And Mac will be able to translate."

Joppolo himself is no paragon. I suppose one might say that he represents American democracy, which the author would admit was an ideal that might fall short on performance from time to time. But Joppolo is human, occasionally weak, generally staunch, never cruel and always immensely likeable. For my taste, Mr. Hersey has worked a little too hard at making him "significant" and "representative" rather than leaving him, as Tolstoy did with Livine, to make his own impression, and convince one of his immense importance, first as a creation in fiction, secondly, as a symbolical type.

I don't suppose that before this war many city-bred people read very extensively or very seriously on the subject of farming or of agriculture in general. There were always the novels with that background, from Hardy to Sheila Kaye-Smith. There was even a literary event called *Cold Comfort Farm*. But in all these the farming was entirely subsidiary to the drama or fun of the story itself. In the past few years, though, I have found myself, and many people that I know, taking a genuine and active interest in the factual books that have been published on even such formerly abstruse subjects as land drainage and crop rotation and artificial fertilisers.

FOUR YEARS' HARVEST (Faber. 7s. 6d.) is a particularly good example of the book that is answering the new trend. Written by Mrs. Frances Donaldson, it is her account of life on a Warwickshire farm from 1940 to 1944. Mrs. Donaldson's husband being away on service abroad, she determined to run the farm herself.

In spite of what seem to have been appalling difficulties over labour and "technical hitches," partly due to war conditions and partly, as she admits, to inexperience, Mrs. Donaldson has evidently tackled the job with a considerable degree of success, and is determined to remain a farmer after the war. Her writing has humour and an attractive independence of approach.

Some Irish city and some year of this century is as exact an idea of the setting as Mr. F. L. Green wishes his reader to have of his new novel. The vagueness is deliberate, part of the increasing delirium of the chief character's living dream. This is Johnny, the leader of a "revolutionary organisation," who, in making a raid on a mill, to get money for his party, shoots the cashier, is himself gravely wounded and spends the next hallucinated days reeling about the city, being taken into a charitable house for an hour or two or turned out by those who are afraid of even momentary association with a rebel.

On the same night as the armed raid, four of his "lieutenants" are shot in the streets, and Johnny's whereabouts are unknown to the rest of his lot. Only one woman, distraught with her hidden love for Johnny, has the courage and tenacity of purpose to find him, and, as the police cordon closes inevitably round them, to shoot him and herself too. Her love is selfless; she thinks such a fate will mean redemption for the man—a view curiously shared by a little, old Catholic priest locally regarded as a saint.

There is nothing comforting, nothing escapist, about **ODD MAN OUT** (Joseph. 9s. 6d.), but, on the other hand, if you can take it, there are many passages of great—even brilliant—descriptive strength, and an accumulated weight of bitter weather, treachery and brutality that amount to something almost physically stunning.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION (Robert Hale. 15s.) is a well-balanced and far from prosy account of a people that few of us know well. Mr. Lewis Sowden, in writing it, has managed to keep a welcome equilibrium between superficiality and profundity, and make his information palatable and easily assimilated. This may not be the definitive history of the Union, socially and economically, nor does the writer claim that, but it is an excellent *via media*; a study of the development of a nation in spite of the immense problems in the relationship of white and coloured peoples and, within the white category, deep divisions of race again.

On gold-mining, on the Afrikaans language, on political biases, he is reasonably just and accurate, and certainly never dull. I do recommend his book sincerely as an easy primer on the subject, perhaps one to be read in conjunction with a life of Denys Reitz, or of Smuts.

My first reaction on finishing Miss Christianna Brand's new book was one of chagrin—and vexation—that no one had told me about her writing before. It appears that there have been two earlier murder mysteries from her, all unbeknownst to me, and having read **GREEN FOR DANGER** (John Lane. 7s. 6d.), with real enjoyment, I would very much like to have sampled the others.

Of Miss Brand's virtues as a writer of detective fiction, three are outstanding. Her characters bear analysis throughout the development of the plot; that is to say, they are consistent but they are also human. She gives you at least three suspects on whom the onus of guilt seems divided with an exquisite precision. And her final "tidying-up" exposition, which has been the technical downfall of many more famous authors, is scrupulously exact, even after a second reading.

The scene of the malfeasance is a military hospital in Kent during heavy blitzes, and the suspects are severally two surgeons, an anæsthetist and a mixed bag of V.A.D.s and nursing sisters (a distinction *with* a difference). The murders have one feature in common—that they are performed in the operating-theatre, which may or may not show a sense of fitness in the criminal. They are by different methods, though, and I am not quite sure which I should choose with least enthusiasm.

Nobody has yet explained to me, to my own satisfaction, why it should be that to certain people the contemplation—at the comfortable remove of the printed page—of violent death by stabbing, poison or the banal blunt-instrument methods, should be pleasurable and innocently exciting. The fact remains: I and some tens of thousands of others like thrillers. And for those others I heartily recommend Miss Brand's latest.

SELECTION DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: In the early days of April each year, a committee of Royal Academicians assembles in one of the big galleries of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, to select pictures for the Annual Summer Exhibition, which lasts from the beginning of May to the first week in August. The committee sit in a semi-circle with their President in the centre. In the picture above are seen, from left to right: Sir Walter Lamb, Secretary; A. E. Richardson, R.A.; E. Vincent Harris, R.A.; T. C. Dugdale, R.A.; C. Cundall, R.A.; H. Rushbury, R.A.; W. Russell Flint, R.A.; Sir Alfred J. Munnings, President, R.A.; J. Bateman, R.A.; A. R. Thomson, A.R.A.; and A. R. Middleton Todd, R.A. It should be noted that this is a group of the Selection Committee. The Hanging Committee, whose work commences when the above committee's work ceases, actually determine the fate of any individual picture

ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FLEET: Engineer Vice-Admiral J. Kingcome, who was recently promoted from Engineer Rear-Admiral and appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet in succession to Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick R. G. Turner, who has had to relinquish the appointment owing to ill-health. Engineer Vice-Admiral Kingcome has been both Assistant Engineer-in-Chief and Deputy Engineer-in-Chief before succeeding to the highest post. He is fifty-five years of age and entered the Navy in 1905

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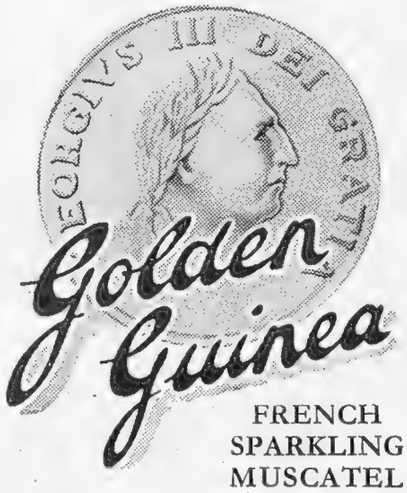

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I thought you might like to know this and at the same time how grateful I am

Yours very truly,

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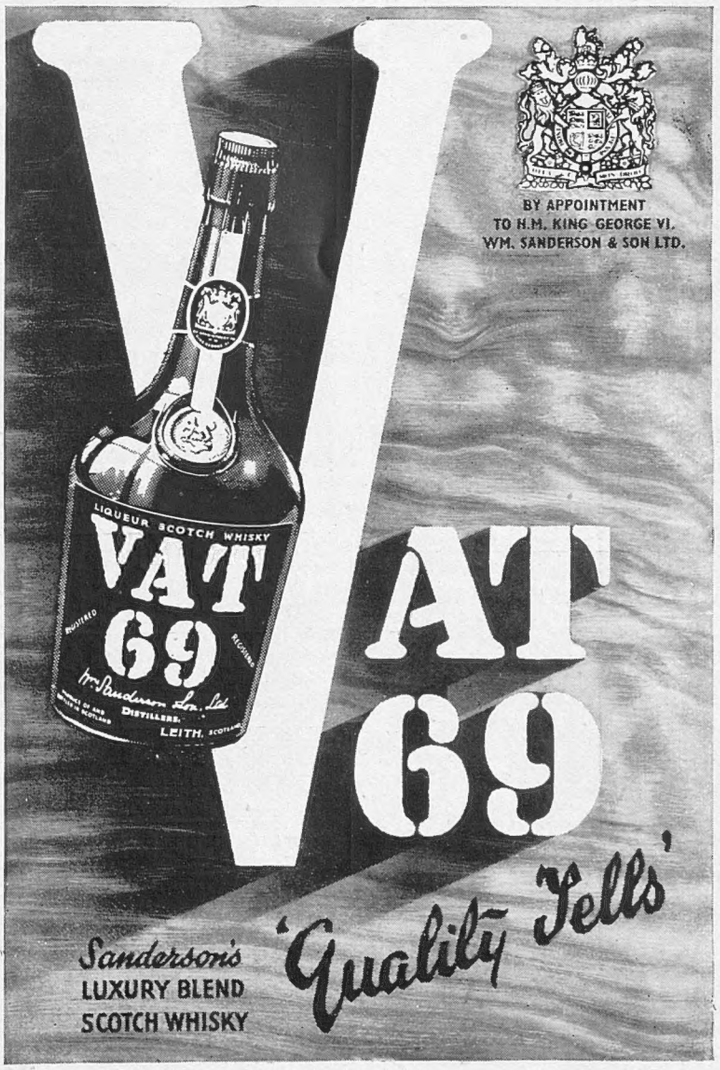

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Things are going pretty well . . .

so well that a good many heads, if you could only see inside them, are thinking like this: "It can't go on much longer, not at this rate. Wonder how it 'll feel to be just Mister again? To get up late and say, shall I wear my red tie or the green one with spots? Free to do as I like and no yes, sir, no, sir. Funny, I expect. Well, item one 's a month off Need it, really. So does she. They 've had just as much of a packet as we have. Sussex perhaps. Or that farmhouse in Wales we used to go to. Anywhere quiet where the clocks have stopped. . . . But first I must see about some clothes—at my old friends. . . .

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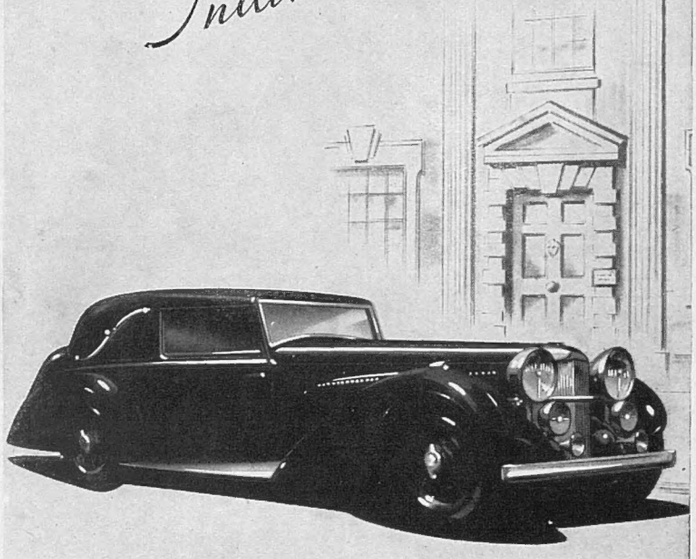

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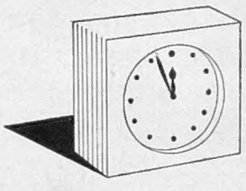

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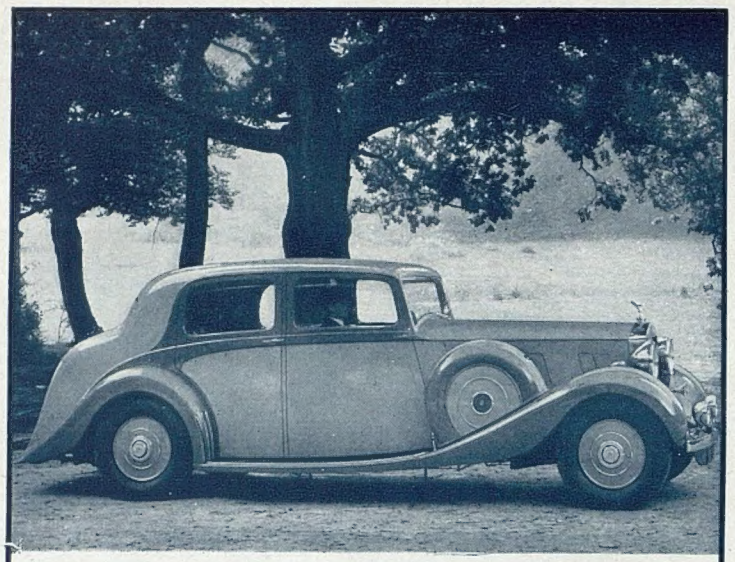

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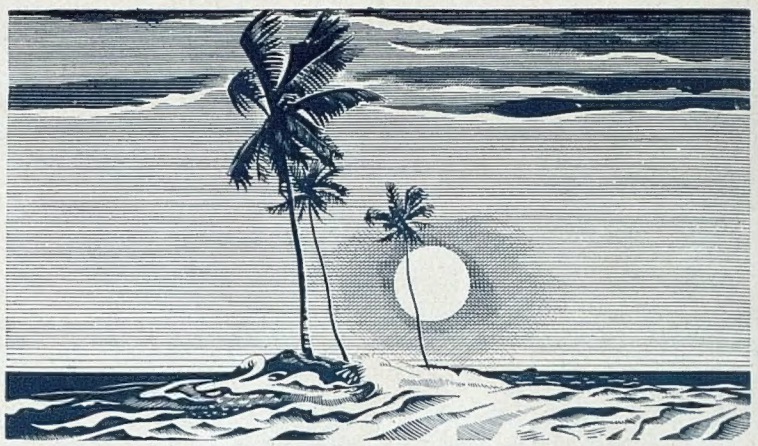

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